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V. 181
no. 24

# THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 15, 1979 Price One Dollar

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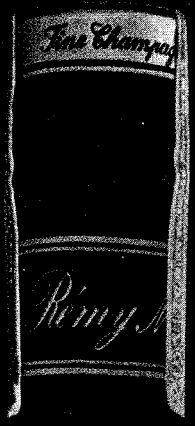


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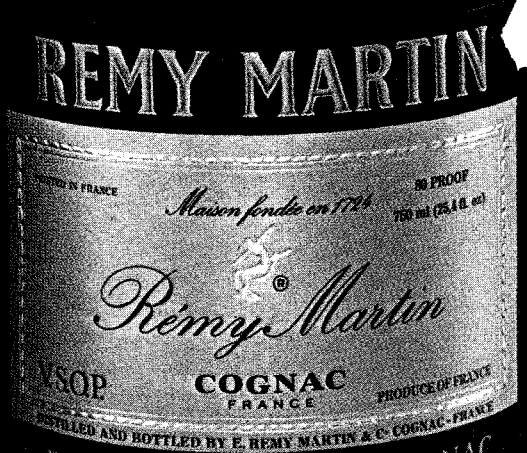


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# TRB

from Washington ®
December 15, 1979

## Exiles and Hostages

The regular author of "TRB from Washington" is on vacation. This column was written by Charles Fenyvesi, author of *Splendor in Exile: The Ex-Majesties of Europe* (New Republic Books).

Exiled monarchs and hostages are two categories of history's losers, but their juxtaposition is unique to Iran's Islamic revolt of 1979. Normally their paths do not cross. The exile is a major player in history's events who loses, but reaches a safe haven abroad. The hostage is a mere bystander who suddenly finds himself a helpless victim.

Exiled monarchs—such as Greece's King Constantine and Bulgaria's Czar Simeon—live lives suspended between elusive hopes of return and a sense of yawning irrelevance, splendor, and boredom. But unlike his fellow modern exiles the shah of Iran is not forgotten by his former subjects. Denied the catharsis of regicide—in this century achieved only by Iran's neighbors Russia and Iraq—Iran's revolution is unfinished; Iran and Islam are unredeemed.

Hostage-taking itself is a revolution. Instead of capturing a city or a radio station, hostage-takers seize people and hold their lives in ransom for demands which range from the release of comrades in jail—the usual Palestinian demand vis-à-vis Israel—to the independence of the Moluccan islands, which is what the Dutch government was expected to declare in its former colonial possession now part of Indonesia. Seizing the hostages is that initial high-impact overture, comparable to taking the Bastille or storming the Winter Palace. The presentation of the program comes next, complete with declarations of defiance and pledges of fighting to the death. But the rhetoric is not enough. There has to be a proper denouement, another catharsis: demands accepted or rejected, asylum for the terrorists or a shoot-out with a special anti-commando unit, victory or defeat. In the case of the Hanafi Moslem takeover of three Washington buildings in 1977, worldwide publicity for a small, obscure black Moslem group served as the catharsis which eventually permitted a surprisingly peaceful resolution of the siege. After 39 hours, the Hanafis' rage petered out. I was among those released.

Boredom is a true counter-revolutionary force in these episodes. Explaining the cause to the press around the clock is a draining experience, and guarding hostages is as unglamorous as being a prison warden. Rage is hard to sustain. There are always special cases among the hostages, and after a while all the hostages stop looking like a bunch of sheep programmed for slaughter and become human beings. Hostages get cranky or pathetic. They listen to their captors arguing their cause, because condemned people want to know what they are condemned to death for—and besides, there is no way to switch channels. (This is what psychiatrists call identification with the aggressor—a term as compassionate and illuminating as a diagnosis of common cold.)

But the Iranian case is different, and I have a suspicion that each hostage situation is different. In Tehran, the hostage-taking is sponsored by the government; it is a revolution within a revolution, with tens of thousands of screaming supporters giving heart to the hundreds of hostage-takers who work in shifts and live otherwise normal lives. Boredom is unlikely to set in; there is plenty of catharsis left in that revolution.

As a former hostage, I can only hope that President Jimmy Carter will continue to refrain from military action, and that the cool heads who prevailed in the first round of discussions after the seizure of the embassy will win in the next round as well. I remember how, lying on the floor with hands tied, we mostly hoped and prayed that no SWAT team would attack, because it was clear to us that our Hanafi captors would start shooting us and that many more would die in an exchange of fire between our captors and liberators. There were hostages who hoped for a quick rescue operation, and perhaps all of us had desperate moments wishing for another Entebbe—so that there would be an end, one way or another, to our degradation and terror.

For the hostage, time is both a friend and an enemy. After the first feverish hours, hostages are glad that they are alive. After surviving the first day of captivity, a massacre seems less likely. But then, as tension rises and falls, and the captors are alternately threatening and conciliatory, and time goes on, another kind of despair sets in: will this madness, this crazy nightmare, last forever?

Isn't there a point beyond which life just can't go on? In his press conference last week, Carter warned sternly of reprisal if the hostages are "harmed." But, unmistakably, the hostages are being "harmed"—abused verbally and physically day after day. Aren't there some things worse than death?

We have been led to believe that the execution of one hostage would trigger punitive action. Paradoxically, then, the safest course now for the Ayatollah Khomeini seems to be to hold on to the hostages. He knows that if he officially punishes one or more of them, there will be American retaliation. But if he releases them, there may still be retaliation. On the other hand, if he keeps them imprisoned, but in a reasonably good state, America is not likely to do anything to endanger their lives.

But isn't Khomeini looking for martyrdom? As the Shi'ite masses celebrated the anniversary of the martyrdom of their hero Hussein, Prophet Mohammad's grandson, they chanted: "Khomeini is the Hussein of today." They seem to be provoking us, asking for a retaliation, eager to begin a Middle East vendetta with a superpower.

They can wait; they have all the time in the world. But we cannot wait for months and months. It is a confrontation out of Star Trek: on one side, a vast Asiatic patience and an Islamic righteousness that equates justice with retribution; and on the other, American activism and fair play stressing due process.

My group of 130-odd hostages was held for 39 hours. Had the siege gone on much longer, some of us would have broken down, one way or another. I shudder to think what more than 30 days of captivity might have done to us. America's moment of truth may come when the Iranians begin those trials, and our television screens will show glassy-eyed hostages confessing to spying and denouncing American imperialism. Then, I fear, we'll be forced to redefine our policy of saving lives at all cost.



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Comparative Financial Review

| | Years ended December 31, 1978 | 1977 |
|---|---|---|
| Total Income | $ 65,137,912 | $ 52,823,191 |
| Benefits and expenses | 54,870,616 | 46,046,539 |
| Income before income taxes and realized investment gains (losses) | 10,267,296 | 6,776,652 |
| Provision for income taxes | | |
| Current | --- | --- |
| Deferred | 2,792,809 | 1,909,150 |
| Income before realized investment gains (losses) | 7,474,487 | 4,867,502 |
| Realized investment gains (losses) | (120,433) | 11,364 |
| Net income | 7,354,054 | 4,878,866 |
| Earnings per share | | |
| Income before realized investment gains (losses) | 4.35 | 2.88 |
| Realized investment gains (losses) | (.07) | .01 |
| Net income | 4.28 | 2.89 |
| Assets | $ 144,993,410 | $ 116,651,027 |
| Insurance in Force | $1,504,894,000 | $1,289,000,000 |

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# THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 181, No. 24, Issue 3388, December 15, 1979. Published weekly (except the issues of July 14, July 28, August 11, September 8) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $24; foreign, $27; students, $17.



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(ISSN 0028-6593). Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing office. Indexed in Readers' Guide.

**Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 705, Whitinsville, Mass. 01588. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.**


*Cover: "Napoleon I," miniature by an unknown artist. The Granger Collection. Article on page 28.*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

December 15, 1979

# Jimmy the Cynic

In 1976, Jimmy Carter campaigned for president enveloped in a self-generated aura of moral righteousness, promising that he would make the government as good as the people, restore trust and integrity in Washington, and rescue us from politics-as-usual in the governance of the nation. We duly elected him, but for most of his nearly three years in office we have received more than we bargained for: not just honesty in government, but *innocence*. Carter has spent most of his term fumbling at the levers of power. His relations with Congress have been a shambles. He has been unable to persuade Congress or the country to adopt a coherent energy policy. His management of the economy has contributed to a 13.5 percent inflation rate which the Federal Reserve, an independent, unelected body, has been forced to combat with interest rates that will almost certainly produce a recession. Before the Iran crisis and the weakness of Senator Kennedy's challenge boosted his popularity, the country's judgment of Carter, as measured in the polls was: nice man, but incompetent.

Now, in announcing his candidacy for a second term, President Carter is telling us that he has made mistakes, but has learned and will do better next time. We will have to wait out the Iran crisis and its post mortems to see whether the president's handling of it changes our view or the country's view of his competence. At the same time, his approach to the only other matter that seems of any importance to his administration—the 1980 elections—convinces us that Jimmy Carter is not, after all, the decent, moral, upright man that he made himself out to be in 1976. When it comes to getting himself elected, he is just another politician. Worse than that, because he is a politician who will disparage seamy politics in one election, and then indulge in it fully four years later, Carter emerges as a cynic. The Carter administration has not even been apologetic about its tactics. On the contrary, it has offered its embrace of Tammany-style politics as evidence that Carter has grown and matured in office. This kind of loss of innocence we do not need.

Before the Florida Democratic caucuses in October the Carter administration drenched that state in federal money and attention. Normally it takes a year or more to process major loan applications for rural electric cooperatives, but a $1.1 billion guarantee for a Florida project went through the federal bureaucracy in less than three months this year: approval arrived just before the caucuses. According to the *New York Times*, Florida also got 21 community development block grants, including $10.7 million for Miami, six million dollars for Tampa, and four million dollars each for Polk, Orange, and Hillsborough counties. Dade county got $19.9 million for 10 public housing projects in September, and another $31 million was approved for 949 other housing units for the elderly in other cities in the state. Orlando's airport received five million dollars for a people-mover.

This was not all the prizes Florida won for inventing a meaningless political popularity contest that President Carter was afraid to lose. The president's special assistant for Hispanic affairs, Estaban Torres, went to Miami's "Little Havana" to announce a one-million-dollar grant to promote tourism in the city's Cuban section. Other administration officials making "official" (that is, wholly or partly government-paid) trips into the state in the weeks before the caucuses included the secretaries of Labor, Defense, Housing and Urban



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Development, and Health, Education and Welfare; and the heads of the Veterans Administration, the Federal Aviation Administration, and the White House domestic council. Oh, yes, and the first lady, the vice president, and the president, too.

There was movement of people in the other direction, too. Three hundred Floridians were invited up to Washington for high-level briefings on foreign and domestic affairs, concluding with a reception in the White House East Room. Influential Florida Catholics were invited back for the White House reception for Pope Paul II. And still others were asked to take important posts in the administration or to serve on federal advisory commissions that provide them an opportunity to help make policy in their areas of interest and give them occasional expense-paid trips to the nation's capital.

On one level, the administration's performance in Florida was inspiring, even breathtaking. It bespoke extraordinary talent, somewhere in the White House, for timing, logistics, coordination, administration, and the devising and execution of tactics and strategy. Why has the country not seen this mastery displayed before in the solution of its sundry problems? We can only suspect that it is because what really brings out the energy and imagination of the top people in the Carter White House is not governing, but electoral politics.

And the election season is only beginning. You can rest assured that the care, finesse, and resources that went into buying the Florida caucus victory are now being husbanded for Iowa, New Hampshire, Minnesota, Illinois, and the other 30-odd primary or convention states. Eventually, practically the whole country will get the attention it deserves from the top officials of its government. It will just get attended to one election state at a time.

Iowa, the next state on the campaign agenda, is already getting the Carter treatment. About 250 "community leaders"—mainly Democratic politicians—were invited in October for one of the White House's day long "briefings" at which officials who ought to be busy tending to the country's problems each spent an hour extolling the president's record. The officials including National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, Agriculture Secretary Bob Bergland, White House domestic adviser Stuart Eizenstat, White House chief of staff Hamilton Jordan (described by participants afterward as embarrassingly ignorant on all matters of government policy), the vice president, Mrs. Carter, and the president. Lunch was paid for by the Democratic National Committee, which makes not the slightest pretext of neutrality in the battle for the Democratic presidential nomination.

After each White House official tells the Iowans what



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# Correspondence

## A Kennedy-Mondale ticket

*To the editors:*

Walter Mondale says he's in training to be "a damn good vice president" ("Why Not Mondale?" *TNR*, November 17); Kennedy backers would do well to take note. Suppose their man triumphs at the convention—what better way to bind the wounds of the primary campaigns than to select as his running mate the best-qualified candidate for vice president in history? Mondale and Kennedy make a perfect combination: ideologically in accord, temperamentally in balance, politically potent. A Kennedy candidacy would inevitably focus interest on the vice president's slot, and who better than Mondale could stand up under such scrutiny? Let's just hope that Carter's managers resist the urge to use Fritz as a big gun in their anti-Kennedy offensive. The nation might benefit.

*Jack Petranker*
*Berkeley, California*

## Women's status panic

*To the editors:*

The "White-Collar Status Panic" discussed by Paul Blumberg (*TNR*, December 1) is other than he thinks. The occupations whose income and status are declining most, compared to the earnings of certain unionized blue-collar workers, are primarily *female* occupations. Because women never had much rank or status to stand on, the decline in either will hardly cause much panic among those most in a position to do something about it: the male-dominated unions and professions. So women's full-time incomes (currently only 57 percent of men's) will decrease even further on a comparative basis, union promoters will ignore the secretarial pools, bank tellers, and librarians, and the social order will remain unthreatened. Too bad.

*Judith H. Balfe*
*Douglass College*
*New Brunswick, New Jersey*

## Marxist thinker

*To the editors:*

Just before reading the review of John Kenneth Galbraith's *The New Industrial State* (*TNR*, December 1), I read the little box that identified the reviewer, Herbert Gintis, as a professor at the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. This particular university is distinguished by having in its economic department one of the strongest aggregations of Marxist thinkers in the country. Because of this, I was immediately alerted to look for some indication of Marxist thought.

I must say that the great part of the review was clear, incisive, and forthright. Only toward the end did we get the obligatory inclusion of the radical strategy of economic reorganization. Gintis tells us that this can only come about by "the democratization of economic life." To the uninitiated this doublespeak by itself means nothing. But a bit later on in the article, casually and almost as an afterthought, we get the zinger: "Worker control of production and community control of investment and growth at least hold out the possibility of achieving what government regulation cannot achieve by itself."

Gintis rather gratuitously tells us that "moreover, studies have shown that democratization even improves technical efficiency in production." He gives no examples to back up this assertion, but one would have to have been deaf, dumb, and blind these past 60 years to believe it. Can this be true of Russia, China, Eastern Europe, Cuba, and other countries that have experimented with Marxism? If with the all the evidence to the contrary, Marxist thinkers still believe this, then room must be made for them beside the stalwart believers that the earth is flat.

*George Kline*
*Brookline, Massachusetts*

## Redefining morality

*To the editors:*

In commenting on Paul Blumberg's accompanying article, you editorialize ("Why Pay More?," *TNR*, December 1) that one of the explanations of income inequality is a "moral argument" that greater contributions *deserve* greater rewards. May I suggest that this argument alone includes at least the following subarguments: (1) Humans have insatiable appetites for acquiring material goods, an underlying premise of democratic political theory. (2) The highest moral value is the acquisition of more and more material goods, a derivation from the Protestant Ethic. (3) As humans acquire more resources, they are always able to exchange them for the particular goods they want, derived from the assumption that natural resources will forever be infinite.

If these arguments are increasingly dubious, it must be ever more obvious that to acquire wealth, we must steal from each other, not merely from nature. Small wonder that tensions rise. One day soon perhaps we will see that there is no choice but to separate work from income. Maybe we can then begin to redefine morality.

*Frederick C. Thayer*
*University of Pittsburgh*
*Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*

## Drama of the Perons

*To the editors:*

Robert Brustein's review of *Evita* (*TNR*, November 10) may be accurate in its evaluation of the production's artistic merits, but it is incorrect (or uninformed) on a number of points. First, Eva and Juan Peron ruled during the 1940s and 1950s, and not, as he states, in the 1930s. Secondly, although using Che Guevara as a narrator does take considerable artistic license, it is not entirely implausible because he was an Argentine, not Cuban, citizen and therefore exemplifies the role Peronism may have played in shaping subsequent political attitudes in Argentina. Lastly, for those of us interested in Argentina's political history, the drama of the Peronist years is not a remote political concern. True, the "wench"—and "Johnny Sunday" himself for that matter—may be dead, but their actions while alive go a long way in explaining just how Argentina came to reach the depths it wallows in today. For interested observers, their treatment in *Evita* poses more than merely artistic questions, something Mr. Brustein unfortunately overlooked in his review.

*Paul G. Buchanan*
*Chicago, Illinois*

## Previous publication

*To the editors:*

We wish to congratulate you on your publication of Isaiah Berlin's "The 'Naiveté' of Verdi" (*TNR*, October 6): it is a splendid piece. We should appreciate your pointing out to your readers, however, that it was originally published in the 20th anniversary issue of the *Hudson Review*, Spring 1968, Volume 21, number 1.

*Frederick Morgan, Editor*
*The Hudson Review*
*New York, New York*



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the president has been doing for the country, Vice President Mondale follows up with what a participant described as an "all-out political pitch" urging everyone to ignore the president's low poll ratings and stick with him. "The president has earned your support," Mondale was quoted as saying.

Participants at these "briefings"—of which the White House has put on dozens—don't only get their ears filled. All of the Iowans had their pictures taken with the President and Mrs. Carter, and later received autographed copies of the photo—in the White House envelopes postage paid by the US government. A short time later, each received another mailing, containing a letter on White House stationery from one of the president's aides and a copy of one of two booklets the White House has prepared on President Carter's record. Several thousand of these booklets have been mailed out, also at government expense. One chapter in each booklet, taxpayers will be pleased to learn, describes how the president has "restored basic American values," including "integrity and openness" in government.

As the election race intensifies, Democratic politicians in primary states are being given the choice of whether they want to receive booty from the administration and enhance their own chances of re-election, or be ignored and insulted by federal officials. Chicago mayor Jane Byrne, as we all know, is being punished for endorsing Senator Kennedy when she previously indicated she would endorse President Carter. On the other hand, Mayor Carl Officer of East St. Louis, Illinois, was visited by White House aide Jack Watson recently and in a little ceremony Watson announced administration support for a new $7.8-million courthouse for the city, a $100,000 grant for something called the Metro East Conference of Black Mayors, and restoration to city control of more than 100 Labor Department job training slots previously withdrawn because of mismanagement. On the very day of Watson's visit, Mayor Officer endorsed President Carter for reelection.

There are conflicting reports whether President Carter's strong support among mayors is the result of carrot-and-stick, threat-and-promise tactics with federal grants or the product of hard work by Watson and other urban-affairs officials in the administration. One theory given currency at the National League of Cities convention in Las Vegas last week is that Carter has made a special effort to woo the nation's black mayors—an increasingly important group—by diverting federal aid from suburban areas, where Republican presidents tended to focus it, to downtown areas and slum neighborhoods. If this theory is correct, it should be a lesson to Carter: good government can be winning politics, making bribes and threats unnecessary. The sad fact is that Carter's policies have been so inadequate in so many other areas that he has been forced to play sleazy politics in order to have a chance of winning the election.

In the case of Congress, for example, three years of administration attention might have earned overwhelming support. Instead, the White House has been forced to take control of the appointment of 275,000 jobs as census-takers next year, instead of leaving these patronage plums in the hands of US representatives. Legislators who support the administration will be given the right to make census appointments in their districts; opponents won't. "We're giving our friends everything we can, those not supporting us as little as possible, and we're negotiating in the middle," said a White House congressional liaison official. The administration's behavior can be downright petty, as when Carter departed for Washington from a "non-political" visit to Rhode Island and left Representative Edward Beard, a Kennedy supporter, standing at the airport.

Carter has not been able to win unquestioned loyalty and affection in his own administration, and has been forced to serve notice that sub-cabinet officers who were not prepared to campaign actively for him should quit. The extent to which election-year politics has seized priority in the administration was most shockingly demonstrated in the case of former senator Dick Clark, who was appointed special ambassador in charge of refugee relief. With hundreds of thousands of Cambodians facing starvation, Clark was told that he was expected to go out to Iowa, his home state, to campaign for Carter. Clark quit to join the Kennedy campaign.

Lawyers supporting Kennedy are searching through the statute books to discover whether any of the Carter campaign's strong-arm or candy-bag tactics violate federal laws. Under an old law it is an offense for a federal official to use his official authority to influence the nomination or election of a presidential candidate. But it's a bit late to start enforcing that one literally. Nothing we have seen so far exceeds traditional political standards to the extent that it warrants prosecution. It's just the brazenness of it all, especially when contrasted with Carter's form of verbal piety.

Let's not blink at what's going on. The Carter administration is using federal money and services to help the president's election prospects, and is doing so on a huge scale. The president's press secretary justified it all with a grin. "That's how a president

**Coming Next Week:**
Morton Kondracke on Kennedy's Travails.



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campaigns," he explained. But that isn't how a president should campaign, and that isn't how a good president would have to campaign. If this can't be stopped by a complaint to the Federal Election Commission—as seems likely—then it ought to be stopped by Carter's opponents and the press making it a major campaign issue. So far, the press either has been ignoring Carter's campaign shenanigans or treating them as evidence that Jimmy Carter has gotten tough, learned how big-time politics is played. That's not true. What's happened is simply that this innocent, disillusioned by his morality's failure to take hold, has turned cynical.

## White House Watch

# Upward Bound

The Carter claque—Cabinet members, White House and Carter-Mondale campaign committee staffers, a few congressional supporters and veterans of the 1976 victory, daughter Amy and mother Miss Lillian and sons Chip and Jeffrey (Jeffrey with his wife)—seemed to believe when they stood there in the East Room of the White House moments before 3 p.m. of December 4, awaiting the entry of Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter, that their leader and papa and son and father-in-law was upward bound from his recent lows in every measure of public esteem. They seemed to believe that he had every reason to say, as he did then and again that evening, that he intends to win and will win "reelection as President of the United States of America." It should have been a gladdening occasion. For reasons connected with but distinct from the reasons he referred to by opening his remarks in the East Room with the words, "I speak to you at a somber time," it was a saddening occasion.

It was saddening because after nearly three years in the presidency this crowd of familiars in the East Room was the only group in the whole country which could be guaranteed to give Carter the applause and the welcome to the 1980 race that he needed for that evening's TV news. It was saddening for the larger reason that in the East Room and in a disembodied, paid five-minute taped broadcast to what was to have been his Washington "announcement gala" he had to cite his handling of the crisis brought on by the Iranians' seizure of our Tehran embassy, 52 Americans held there and at the Iranian Foreign Ministry, and the deposed shah's inconvenient presence in the US, as evidence that he was capable of the leadership that Americans expect from their President.

The preludes to the East Room occasion and to what followed it tell something of what's going on at the Carter White House and in the campaign preliminaries. It had been announced that Carter would stay at home, atop the Iranian situation, and would not, as planned, address fundraising dinners during the week in New York, Chicago, Atlanta, and Austin. Others including Rosalynn Carter and Vice President Mondale and campaign chairman Robert Strauss and Cabinet members would substitute. It had been simultaneously announced that Carter would attend the "announcement gala" dinner at a hotel in Washington on December 4, price $500 per plate. That, it was indicated, was the very least he could do to raise the campaign dough, estimated at from $1.5 to $2.5 million, that the Carter-Mondale presidential committee desperately needed both to meet current expenses and to qualify for federal campaign matching funds. The Carter 1975-76 campaign used Georgia bank loans to fill the need until federal matching funds were available. That's out in 1979-80. Carter funders were hoping and praying that Rosalynn and Mondale and Strauss and the others would draw the money that the President was expected and billed to draw. It is assumed but not proven that Jimmy, who has said that he prays constantly for divine assistance, was praying with them. The decision that the President would not attend the announcement-week dinners was postponed to the very last moment, officially in the hope that an unforeseen break in the Iranian impasse would allow him to attend. The effect was to encourage contributors to pay up until the last, when they might or might not have paid up for a substitute for the President.

At a breakfast for Washington reporters on December 4 when Carter was still committed to appear at that evening's announcement dinner in Washington, Robert Strauss said he wished the President would forgo it and so enhance the impression that nothing could divert him from the Iranian problem. Probably none of the 50-plus Washington journalists at that breakfast—one of a series which has become a Washington institution sponsored by Godfrey Sperling of the *Christian Science Monitor*, who has a baneful yen for the company of other people at 8 a.m.—thought Carter would dump the Washington dinner. He did, as Strauss hoped he would. Carter's White House spokesmen did not pretend that he did anything relevant to the Iranian crisis when he might have been at the dinner. He variously loafed in his home quarters in the White House mansion and worked on the fiscal 1981 budget.

Strauss had just relinquished his role as ambassador in charge of the US interest in Middle East negotiations, principally between Egypt and Israel, and had assumed the Carter-Mondale campaign committee chairmanship. At the December 4 breakfast he said a couple of things that bear upon his management of the committee and the campaign, which was intended at the beginning to be the subject of this report.

Strauss was asked how much time he'd spent with Carter, talking politics and campaign problems. Over the past three weeks of the Iranian mess, Strauss



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replied, the President had devoted practically no time to politics and he and Strauss had spent no more than two hours "one on one"—person to person—discussing politics. How much time, Strauss was asked, had Strauss spent on the same subject with Carter's chief of staff and personal campaign strategist, Hamilton Jordan, in the same three weeks? Maybe two to three hours a week, Strauss growled. "And that was mostly on the telephone," Strauss continued. "You can't get into his office." Most of the reporters hadn't been able to get near Jordan in that period, either. Jordan was deeply involved with the President's Iranian and related foreign difficulties. At his best and freest, he is not excessively fond of journalists' company. It nevertheless did occur to one reporter, listening to Strauss, that Gerald Rafshoon, Carter's campaign imagist, and Robert Keefe, a political consultant who at Strauss's instance had been put on part-time contract by the committee, had been seen in and entering and leaving Jordan's White House office four times during the weeks in question. Jordan excepted—in the nature of his dual function as White House staff chief and the President's personal strategist he must be excepted—political staffers on the White House payroll really have tried within practicable limits to do their campaign work after working hours and during weekends when they in theory are on their own time.

They never are really on their own time, of course. After the Carter-Mondale committee was established last March, Jordan and others on the White House senior staff met every Tuesday evening at the committee's temporary office across Lafayette Square from the White House. Frank Moore, a Carter Georgian and the chief White House lobbyist, later had the White House senior staff and senior committee officials to dinner at his house. The dinners have been suspended for a while. They or similar gatherings will soon be resumed. The out-of-hours cover makes some sense in these carping times, but it's basically silly. Jordan, Anne Wexler, Sarah Weddington, Stuart Eizenstat, Frank Moore, Jack Watson—just naming a few senior White House assistants—are paid (handsomely by my measure) to develop and support administration programs. To the extent that they do it well they of course promote Carter's chances of renomination and reelection. Those named and many not named here promote his reelection and would be asked to leave if they didn't. They've been told to hardball it, meaning: help your President's friends and not his enemies with federal appointments, grants, loans, what-have-you, and at least let the friends and not the enemies announce the largesse. These amateur Carter hardballers ought to call in some of the late John F. Kennedy's master hardballers, from retirement or from the vasty eternal deep. Most of them are dead or retired or too old anyhow for active campaign duty. Very few are with Senator Teddy. They, in brother Jack's day, tended to regard Teddy as a young upstart.

The kindest remark you hear at and near the Carter White House (slightly laundered) is that the Carter-

drawing by Mike Peters



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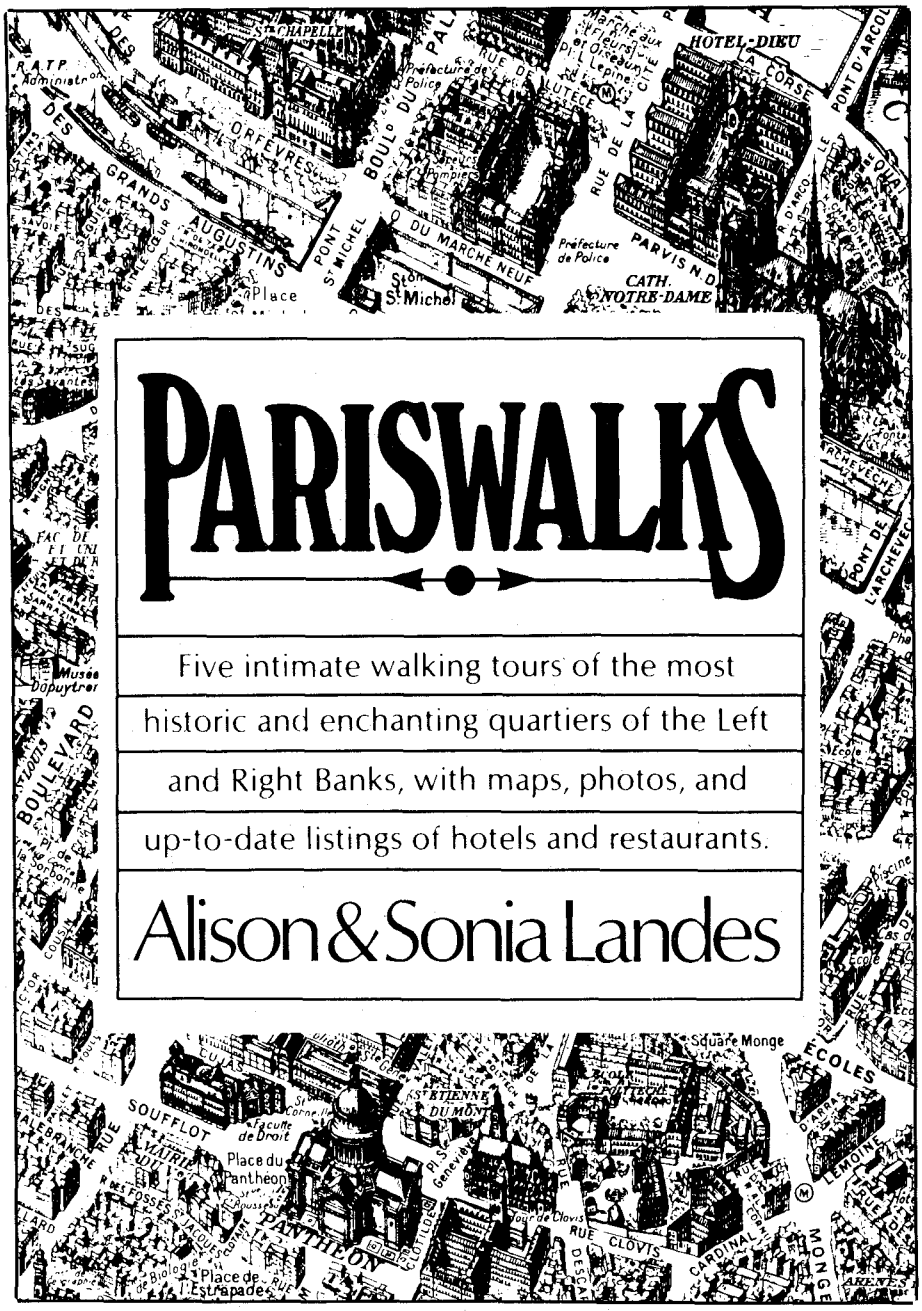
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Mondale campaign operation is all screwed up and that Bob Strauss, the pro of pros, is going to spend some painful weeks straightening it out. Whether that is true, I dunno. I summarize what I hear at the White House and at the committee's new and, at the moment, squalid headquarters in Washington and offer a few tentative answers.

Question: is Hamilton Jordan, Carter's personal campaign planner and strategist, capable of letting Bob Strauss be the overall effective campaign boss that Strauss, being Strauss, insists on being? General answer from others: *that's the problem.* My answer: of course Jordan is capable of it. Strauss would never have taken the committee job if he and Jordan and Carter didn't have a workable understanding about all that stuff. Jordan the young thinker and planner and Strauss the veteran doer are very different people. But they value and like each other and will never tangle to the disadvantage of their man, Jimmy Carter.

Question: can Strauss and Jordan's recent White House assistant and gift to the committee, campaign manager Tim Kraft, work together? A common assumption at the White House is that Kraft would not have taken the job, in effect superseding committee chairman Evan Dobelle last September 1, if Kraft didn't know or expect that Strauss would soon be taking over the committee and him as the permanent chairman. Ominous fact, reflecting as sadly upon Jordan as upon Kraft: Kraft did not know. One gathers that he'd probably still be at the White House if he had known. Now he talks with committee associates of "a threesome, a Troika"—Strauss, Jordan, Kraft—running the campaign. For all his "I'm the boss" bluster, Strauss is a master of compromise and accommodation. But—Troika? That just ain't Bob Strauss's style. The committee is loaded with recruits from the White House staff—administrator Leslie Francis, committee-White House liaison person Diana Rock, and press spokesman Linda Peek, for instance—whose original loyalty was to Jordan. He did a poor and late job of preparing them for Strauss's advent. Strauss and they probably will get along, but it makes problems.

Question: Where does Carter come in or where will he come in, when and if Iran and related crises are resolved or at least on the back burner? Two answers are heard: that even now he "makes the big decisions" and, contrarily, that occasionally he listens for a busy hour or so to Jordan, Strauss, Jody Powell, and others and says, "I'll let you settle that." I imagine that some of both is true.

Finally, and, if it were not for the preoccupation with Iran and related problems, the uppermost question for now: will Hamilton Jordan's effectiveness as staff director and campaign strategist be diminished or destroyed by Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti's decision to ask a special appellate court division to appoint a special prosecutor to investigate charges that Jordan violated federal law by sniffing cocaine? The obvious answer at this writing is that it has not and probably will not. My answer is, I pray not. This whole damned thing is unnecessary, outrageous, far beyond the requirements of the relevant law and of simple justice. I'll be writing a separate piece about it soon.

**John Osborne**

The 'People' magazine candidate discovers issues.

# How Now Brown?

It is the shameless campaign. His base in his own state is uncertain . . . no, that's too kind: Jerry Brown's standing in California is a shambles. Nationally, his campaign has been swamped in the backwash of Kennedy's maneuvering. Fascination with the contest between an incumbent president and the liberal heir apparent has wrecked Brown's possibility of running as underdog. It is very hard for him to raise money, even in some of those communities in California that have supported him generously in the past. Technical talent hangs back, maybe waiting for a call from the Kennedy campaign, or at least figuring that this isn't going to be the year for an upstart.

In Brown's maiden trip to New Hampshire back in April, the Democratic party regulars there, who are supporting President Carter, displayed great finesse, duplicity, and pleasure in playing a prank on the upstart from California. The official occasion for Brown's visit was an invitation by a committee of the New Hampshire legislature to testify in favor of a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced federal budget. Since the Republicans control the legislature, it was a GOP invitation. After Brown's arrival, the Democrats announced their intention to boycott the proceedings, leaving Brown the choice of insulting his fellow party members or canceling his appearance and looking foolish. Brown chose to look foolish, and the Democratic leadership threw open the doors of the governor's office at the crucial moment so the press could observe his humiliation.

On Brown's first regular New Hampshire campaign swing in September, he was dreadfully upstaged by rumblings from Kennedy himself. That was the week that Kennedy announced permission for a campaign from his wife and mother, stories that knocked not only Jerry but also the pope off the front page of the Boston papers. At the end of October Brown got his biggest bit of media attention when he got hit in the face with a pie. But soon his entourage dropped to two reporters, both of them from California, whereupon he went home.

Home is where many politicians, both eastern and Californian, think he should stay. His campaign is



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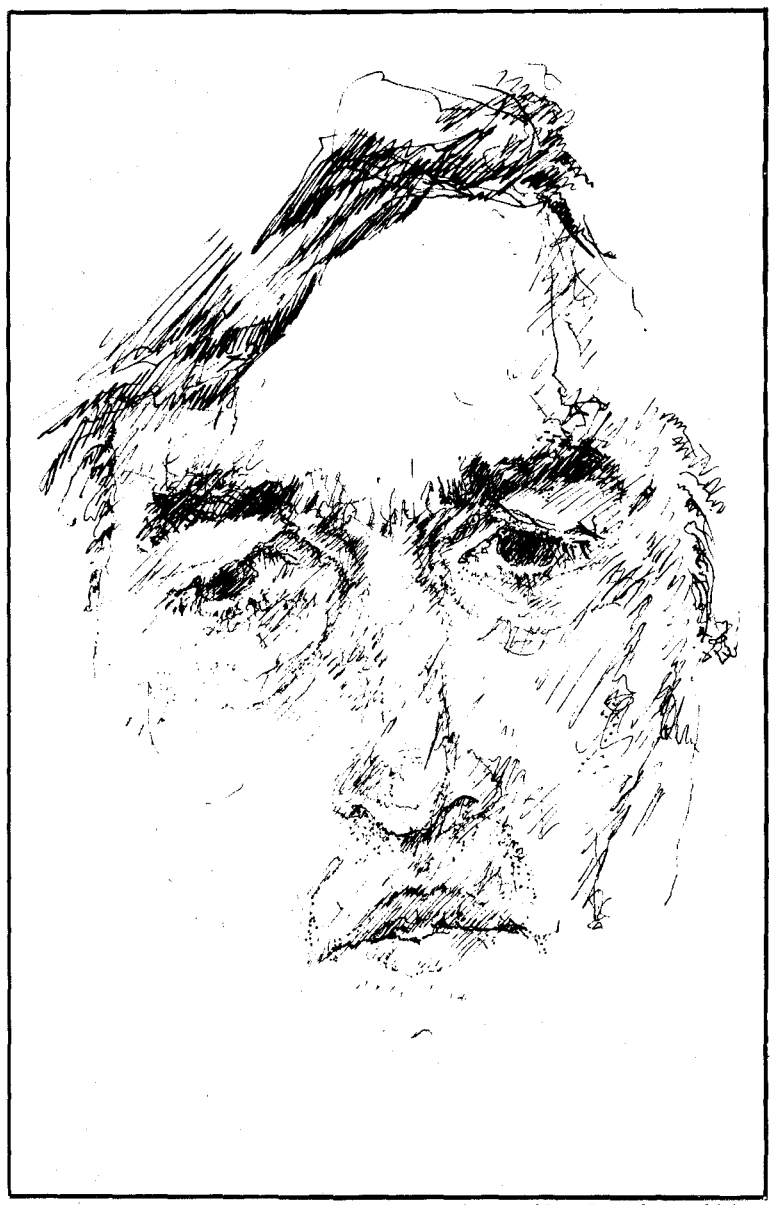
considered hopeless and silly. Brown himself is held in disdain—even worse than active hostility, really—lacking the strength for a spoiler's role in 1980. Whatever slight interest there was in Brown, it seems, was as a magnet for the anti-Carter vote. And now that there is Kennedy, Brown seems completely superfluous.

But ignoring Brown is like repeating in national politics all the emotional mistakes of adolescence: popular equals pretty; off-beat, weird, loner equals unpopular. Jerry Brown is in politics what the strange kid with glasses and a cowlick was in junior high school—which is to say, he is very possibly ahead of his time and likely to succeed.

It is hard to defend Brown with complete enthusiasm. He has one or two faults. For example, he is not a very good governor of his state, and there is little reason to think he would be a good president, at least in any traditional sense. California, blessed with a booming sunbelt economy, is probably neither worse nor much better off for the six years Brown has occupied what they like to call "the corner office." As a candidate Brown made a virtue of promising disappointment and as a governor he has done the same with a policy of not governing. He is personally arrogant and often rude, whether or not it suits his interests. In fact, it was exceptional and quite striking to see him work the press bus, joking, patient, and engaged, on a recent trip to New Hampshire. It was more like him to be short and testy with a reporter from a major eastern paper who had a scheduled interview with him on the plane.



drawing of Jerry Brown by David Schorr

Not because he would be just a terrific president (I doubt anyone can be that for a while) and not because he is so jolly to be with (that's hardly the standard to apply anyway), Jerry Brown's campaign is important because, at least on the Democratic side, it is the only thing standing between us and a nearly issue-free election. For this the press and the campaigners share blame. Polls are the number-one political story in most media most of the time, followed by whatever cute nonsense comes along. For their part the major Democratic candidates are about to offer us the issue of "leadership," for example, a piece of political cotton candy if there ever was one.

Brown himself designed his first campaign for governor to be boring, avoiding issues and riding his famous name as far as possible. Last year, in his second gubernatorial campaign, a couple of weeks were devoted nearly exclusively to his handlers arguing with his opponent's handlers about terms for a debate or two, a diverting issue but as pointless as, say, the president's staff's partying styles.

But now, while Carter and Kennedy have little to gain by raising broad and maybe contentious arguments, Brown, the original candidate from *People* magazine, has hardly anything else to do. He has taken to describing himself as the "issues candidate," and now this is the only strategy that can possibly work for him. The personality platform is preempted by the legatee of the most charismatic family in our political history—against which Jerry Brown's pop star girlfriend is not glamorous enough. President Carter gets to be the incumbent majesty *and* the underdog at the same time. Brown is left with one thing: he will be the only Democratic candidate, as things now stand, working to create a national agenda—or at least one for his party—that sounds like it was created for the end of the century instead of from the middle of it.

Anyone's list of things we had better deal with in a hurry includes energy. Actually energy is not an issue the way it is being dealt with by most candidates; it is more an Important Subject, about which they can talk for 20 minutes sounding jingoistic and wise. It ought to be an issue, and one tailor-made for the outsider candidate since Washington is disgracing itself on the subject. Brown's position, one he has maintained consistently in California as well, is to push the ideas of



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alternative energy options—sneered at as "wood chips and almond hulls" by his opponent in the 1978 gubernatorial election. On the campaign trail this year he is pushing "clean coal, solar, co-generation, geothermal, hydro," not to mention "processed steam that just goes into the atmosphere and you could harness that steam." At the outer limits he sometimes proposes a space platform that would beam power back to earth.

"We're spending $70 billion on paying our OPEC oil bill," Brown says, "and a fraction of that on photovoltaic cells and solar collectors." Well, it's not wood chips and garbage but it does sometimes sound . . . visionary. Yet Brown's audiences listen to this at least attentively and often enthusiastically, and almost anything that broadens the terms of political debate beyond shale oil and gasohol should be welcome.

Brown is also the candidate most established as opposed to further development of nuclear power. "A Faustian bargain," he calls it in a borrowed phrase. "We're threatening the gene pool of the entire human species and it isn't morally right. It just isn't responsible." Whether Brown can mobilize voters on the issue is questionable, but whether a strong anti-nuclear voice has a legitimate place in the political debate is not.

Closely tied to Brown's support for alternative energy development is his argument that now is the time for major efforts in mass transit. He believes that there is enough energy waste in the economy to equal all the power now generated by nuclear plants, and that people have become sensitive to our vulnerability to OPEC. They can see, he says, the wisdom of doing more of their traveling on public transit. In fact, substantial investments, public and private, in "the reindustrialization of the country," with "productive technologies" such as transit systems (except for the MX missile), alternative energy sources, and space exploration seem to be the foundations of Brown's dream for the American economy.

Oh yes, and a balanced federal budget by whatever means necessary. To the surprise of many, Brown has stuck with his support for a constitutionally mandated balanced budget. He argues that this is "the only way we're going to get it." When Brown first joined the cry for a constitutional convention to pass such an amendment, at his second inaugural in January, jaws dropped in both parties. More nonsense from Crazy Jerry. "The flake stuff," he said shortly afterward, "is that I want to end inflation and they want to have more of it. They say the balanced budget is flaky. I say they are." And he did stick with it to the surprise of his allies in the cause and the dismay of many Democrats.

Brown speaks of balancing the federal budget with what for him is passion and something like eloquence. "The balanced budget is a new discipline and part of the conventional wisdom of the 1980s," he says. "People who don't see the new principles that are going to guide our economy are perplexed, worried. And they should be. You hear their howls of excoriation."

Brown's proposal for a regionalized trading bloc, a kind of Fortress North America, has not touched the same nerves as the idea of balancing the federal budget. Brown says that a common market, based first on energy exchange among the United States, Canada, and Mexico "of such dimension that it will rival and exceed any other regional grouping of nations on this planet." This generally gets applause in speeches, in spite of yawns of disinterest from our neighbors north and south. Like the balanced budget amendment, this is a position Brown shares with Ronald Reagan.

Brown's prophecy that our country is becoming effectively bi-cultural, Anglo-Hispanic, is, if true, extraordinary; but the only attention it gets from the other candidates so far is that the president is appointing a lot of Hispanics to his administration and I'm sure the rest will make speeches in stammering Spanish in Latin neighborhoods. It is not, however, only the Hispanics who need to be told of their growing importance in this society; it is the rest of us. Brown combines other elements of his brand of futurist whimsy to argue that when the desperately poor of Central America are shown our fat and moderately happy selves on transcontinental television, it "is going to create a sense of illegitimacy about our democracy."

Since we have no position in government for seers, the role of candidate should include that function. But we have made the candidate something else, a horse judged on the strength of his legs and the ruthlessness of his trainers. Consequently, it is a rare event when a candidate can rise on the freshness of his dream or the clarity of his vision. We often entertain candidates for their rhetorical skills and sometimes for the extremity of their positions on some ideological spectrum, but not often because they are smart and interesting. This must be a mistake.

**Tom DeVries**

*Tom DeVries* is an editor of *New West* magazine.

Another American industry on the skids.

# Steel Belted

At a time when the economy is entering a recession, news of manufacturing workers being laid off normally falls into the dog-bites-man category. But when the United States Steel Corporation announced last week that it was closing down facilities at 15 different plants and dismissing 13,000 employees, it got everyone's attention. US Steel is the nation's biggest steelmaker, accounting for nearly a fourth of all the steel produced in this country. The layoffs, which reduced its payroll



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by eight percent, represented the most drastic reduction in the company's history. The writeoff will cost the company between $600 million and one billion dollars, wiping out the $268 million profit it had recorded in the first nine months of the year. The company also warned that if conditions in the industry don't improve, it may have to close more plants. Since the next six months are expected to be rough ones for the economy in general and the steel industry in particular, US Steel's position is unenviable.

Steel industry experts weren't surprised by the announcement. In fact most of them thought the cutback was long overdue. US Steel has been one of the sick men of a generally unhealthy industry, and its problems have been getting worse, not better. Five years ago it made a record $572 million on its steelmaking operations, but last year—a reasonably prosperous one for the industry—its steel profits were down to a meager $33 million. In the first nine months of 1979, another fairly strong year, it made no money at all on steel. All of the company's profits came from its other divisions, which include chemicals, railroads, and cement.

In some respects US Steel's problems mirror those of the rest of the American steel industry. Thirty years ago the US produced half of the world's steel, but by 1976 it accounted for only 17 percent of world production. In 1955, this country was a net exporter of steel; now 18 percent of the steel consumed here comes from abroad. While other countries, like Japan and those in the European Economic Community, have dramatically increased steel production, the US industry has increased total output only 30 percent since 1950. The strenuous competition in world steel trade has taken its toll on the US industry. In the last 20 years it has been squeezed by chronically low profits. In only one year, 1974, has the steel industry's return on equity been as high as the national average for manufacturing industries. Last year its return on equity was less than half the American manufacturing average.

In explaining his company's troubles last week, US Steel chairman David Roderick rounded up all the usual suspects. He placed most of the blame on what he regards as excessive government regulation (particularly by the Environmental Protection Agency) and unfair trade practices by foreign steelmakers. Roderick also criticized the Treasury Department's "trigger price" system, which is supposed to prevent foreign producers from "dumping"—selling steel at less than "fair value." Unless Treasury cracks down on these allegedly dumped imports, Roderick warned, his company would file anti-dumping lawsuits against foreign rivals.

This last threat, if serious, is especially noteworthy. The trigger prices were established in January 1977, ostensibly to save the time and trouble of complicated anti-dumping suits, but also to protect US steelmakers from increasingly vigorous foreign competition. Imported steel that is sold for less than the established price automatically triggers a Treasury investigation, with the prospect of a stiff fine. (Previously US firms had to file anti-dumping suits before the department would investigate.) In effect, this system creates a minimum price for all steel products. This price supposedly is based on the Treasury's estimates of production costs in Japan, the most efficient producer. Everyone agrees that the system has reduced imports, but exactly how much is hard to tell. Imports have fallen from the 1978 record high of 18.1 percent of the US market in 1978 (when the trigger prices took effect only in May) to 13 percent in the first half of this year, but that is partly the result of relatively high world demand. Imports normally fall during periods of strong demand and rise when demand slumps. This is because price competition, where the Japanese have an advantage over US producers, is keenest during bad years. As the US economy began to slow in the third quarter, imports rose to near 18 percent again. This normal tendency has been enhanced by the recent weakness of the yen against the dollar, which has the result of making Japanese steel cheaper.

But the rising imports naturally upset Roderick, and the fate of the trigger prices now may rest on whether or not he carries out his threat. Treasury Undersecretary Anthony Solomon, the architect of the system, has warned that any spate of anti-dumping suits would cause him to scrap the trigger prices.

That would be just as well. The evidence that foreign steelmakers are happily selling us their product for less than it costs them to make it always has been hard to find. Even in 1977, when a poor market had provoked fierce price competition, studies by the Federal Trade Commission and Merrill Lynch concluded that the charge of selling at a loss was baseless. Certainly there is no logical reason for foreign steelmakers to make such a sacrifice. In bad times foreign companies do sometimes sell at a loss, but that isn't necessarily unfair competition. When the market is bad, a steel firm has two choices. It can shut down, in which case it is stuck with its fixed costs—the cost of plants, equipment, and so on. Or it can keep producing, which offers some hope of bringing in enough money to cover not only the additional cost of producing the steel, but also some of its fixed costs. As long as a steel company can sell for a price that covers its marginal costs, it is better off producing than shutting down, even though this will still result in a loss. The idea behind the dumping allegation is that it is necessary to prevent foreign steel companies from selling steel at such low prices that they lose more money by producing than by not producing. Such behavior would be inscrutable indeed, but there is no evidence to suggest that it exists.

If foreign steelmakers were doing this sort of thing, they would be guilty of unfair competitive practices. But when Treasury talks about dumping, it is talking about something rather different. Under US law, "dumping" is defined as selling at below something



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called "fair value," defined as the cost of production, plus transportation, insurance, duties, and a profit of eight percent. To sell at a profit margin of five percent constitutes unfair competition according to the Treasury Department. But no one in the steel industry enjoys profit margins of eight percent; most are lucky to get four or five. By this standard, therefore, it is not only foreign steelmakers who are dumping, but also US companies, since none of them makes eight percent on sales. US Steel, of course, is losing its shirt, but nobody has suggested so far that this is unfair competitive behavior on its part.

Alleged "dumping" is not the only excuse American steel companies offer for their poor showing against foreign rivals. Another accusation is that steel companies in Japan and Western Europe are heavily subsidized by their governments. "It's difficult for any private company to compete with the government of Japan," is how one steel executive put it in an interview with *Iron Age* magazine. This accusation also disintegrates under scrutiny. The only country that provides substantial help to its steel industry is Great Britain, which accounts for less than 10 percent of EEC production. Of course, it is not the British who are pressing the US steel industry, but the Japanese and Germans, who get no help to speak of. In 1977 the FTC calculated the value of all subsidies to the Japanese steel industry at only 46 cents per ton. (A ton of steel costs about $400.) In West Germany, the subsidy is actually negative. The German steel industry gets subsidies worth about 44 cents per ton, but it is forced to use domestic coking coal in its operations, which raises its costs by nearly four dollars per ton. The Canadian steel industry, which is a growing competitor, also gets no significant help from its government.

Nor do the environmental regulations imposed by the federal government, so bitterly castigated by Roderick, explain the foreign inroads. There is no question that meeting tougher air and water pollution standards has raised the cost of making steel. In 1967 the industry spent only about $100 million to meet environmental standards; by 1976 it was spending five times that. But these rules added only about eight dollars a ton to the cost of making steel in 1976. In any event, foreign steelmakers also have to meet increasingly stringent environmental rules. The Japanese industry, for example, spends about 20 percent of its capital outlays on pollution control—at least as much as the US industry. The Germans spend a comparable amount.

The real reason Japanese steelmakers have done so well in the US is that their production costs are lower. There are two crucial reasons for this. First is that they have more modern facilities. Much of American steel producing equipment dates back to before World War II, and some goes back to the turn of the century. The Japanese and EEC nations, by contrast, were forced by the destruction of the war to build their industries from scratch in the 1950s and 1960s. About 20 percent of American steel is produced in outdated open-hearth furnaces, while foreign steelmakers rely almost completely on newer, more efficient technology. The second reason is that US labor costs are considerably higher than those in other industrialized nations, and about double those in Japan. Labor costs make up 41 percent of the cost of making steel here. In West Germany the figure is 30 percent; in Japan it is 25. Steelworkers are paid about two-thirds more than the average US manufacturing worker. Higher US wages were no problem back when US workers were much more productive than those elsewhere, but worker productivity in Japan is now nearly as high as it is here. The competition is likely to get stiffer in the coming years, since some developing countries like Brazil and South Korea are beginning to expand steel production. In Korea workers are paid about a dollar an hour, compared with more than $16 in wages and benefits in the US. And third world countries can buy the same technology as more advanced nations.

These problems afflict all American steelmakers, but US Steel has other problems of its own making. Until last week, it had more obsolete capacity than any other American company. Two of its competitors, Bethlehem and the Lykes Corporation, took the step of closing plants and cutting the payroll two years ago, and steel experts say US Steel should have done so then instead of waiting two years. US Steel has been plagued by poor management, principally chairman Edgar Speer, who last spring was replaced by Roderick. "Speer was just sentimental about keeping things open," one industry observer said. "Speer knew hardly anything about anything, except how to run a blast furnace," a Wall Street analyst said. Experts attribute the latest actions to the company's new president, James Rush, not to Roderick.

The danger is that US Steel may not have gone far enough to solve its problems, and that in the long run they may be insoluble. The coming recession is bound to make life unpleasant for American steelmakers, and the temptation in an election year will be to ease its plight through some sort of protectionist measures to reduce imports of steel. But the temptation should be resisted. Helping American steel companies by choking off the supply of cheaper foreign steel will hurt consumers of products that use steel. It also will hurt other American industries. The immediate upshot of Treasury's latest five percent increase in the trigger prices was to enable US Steel to raise its prices. That is good for US Steel. It is bad for automobile manufacturers, who will have to pay more for steel to build cars. When the US car manufacturers raise their prices to reflect the artificially high price of protected domestic steel, some of that cheaper foreign steel will come in anyway in the form of increased sales of foreign cars. Protecting the American steel industry will help a few Americans at the expense of the great majority, and it will aggravate the underlying problem by protecting



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the industry from the necessity of making those decisions that are essential if it is to remain competitive in the world market. The American steel industry is not the victim of unfair trade practices or unreasonable environmental regulations. It is the victim of honest and vigorous competition, which is likely to get even tougher. The sooner the industry recognizes that fact, and the sooner the government quits trying to keep the industry from adapting to it, the better off both the industry and American consumers will be.

**Stephen Chapman**

Reunification depends on reconciliation, and money for the IRA makes this impossible.

# Ireland's American Enemies

## by Richard Clutterbuck

On November 2 the Irish police seized 156 weapons and 40,000 rounds of ammunition from a ship in Dublin harbor. These items were hidden in containers, and all were of American manufacture, including two M60 machine guns. They were intended for the Irish Republican Army.

The value of these guns and ammunition on the black market was estimated to be one million dollars, but they probably were bought quite openly in the United States by IRA sympathizers and the actual cost of purchase and smuggling them to Ireland was probably about $600,000. These guns, purchased with money raised within the Irish-American community, would have been used mostly by Irishmen to kill other Irishmen in Ireland, North and South. In the fighting in Northern Ireland during the past 10 years, more than five times as many Irish as British have been killed. The overwhelming majority of these have been killed by the IRA. The fatal casualties over the past 10 years have been as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| **Irish:** | |
| civilians, in all | 1433 |
| Royal Ulster Constabulary (RUC) | 132 |
| Ulster Defence Regiment (UDR) | 98 |
| **British:** | |
| British soldiers killed | 322 |
| **Total Irish dead** | **1663** |
| **Total British dead** | **322** |
| **Grand Total** | **1985** |

Subtracting the estimated number of Catholic victims of sectarian murders by Protestants (a little over 300), all the British soldiers (322), Irish police (132), and Irish part-time militiamen of the Ulster Defence Regiment (98); and subtracting also the estimated number of IRA men killed by the army and police in gun battles or by blowing themselves up with their own bombs (about 200 in all), this still leaves over 900 other Irish civilians—men, women, and children—killed by the IRA.

The great majority of Irish Americans finally have realized that many contributions to IRA "welfare" funds are in fact used to finance killing. The Irish American contribution reached $600,000 in 1972 (the peak year of violence), but mercifully has now fallen to $150,000 a year. Most of the IRA's annual budget, estimated at one million dollars, is now obtained in Ireland from robberies of banks and liquor stores, supplemented by protection money (such as a "license" of $100 a day to run a hotel or two dollars a day to drive a taxi through certain districts of Belfast.)

Most of this money is used to buy arms, sometimes from Europe (the IRA has an active cell in Holland), sometimes from the Arab countries, sometimes from surpluses abandoned in Vietnam, but mainly from the United States. Some of the money is used to supplement the incomes of the gunmen—"supplement" because, ironically, most of the IRA gunmen in the six counties of Northern Ireland are registered as "unemployed" and draw British social security benefits every week. The IRA wage supplement varies from $20 a week for the rank and file up to as much as $400 a week, allegedly, for senior IRA officers.

The Provisional IRA now has a hard core of about 250 available gunmen. There are about 1000 serving prison sentences in the North and another 300 imprisoned in the South. As a result of this heavy toll of arrest and

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conviction, the Provisional IRA has abandoned its traditional military structure and reorganized itself into a system of independent revolutionary cells known as Active Service Units (ASUs).

Despite the reorganization, most of the 250 hardcore Provisionals are known to the Ulster police. But it is seldom possible to charge and convict them unless they are caught red-handed, because witnesses dare not give evidence against them. Intimidation is conducted by a range of deterrent punishments: tarring and feathering; "kneecapping" (a total of 731 since 1973, sometimes with a bullet and sometimes with an electric drill); and the "head job"—putting a hood over the victim's head and shooting him.

The Provisional IRA's reorganization also reflects its recent political swing to the left, led by a new generation of young Marxists. Provisional IRA literature, like that of the official IRA, now reveals an undisguised Marxist philosophy, condemning all the elected parties in the Dublin parliament and calling for the supplanting of parliamentary democracy by a "People's Republic." The new philosophy was apparent in the provos' peremptory rejection of the pope's appeal to stop the killing. This lost them much sympathy among both Irish and American Catholics.

The main reason for the provisional IRA's reorganization was that the growing exasperation of the Catholic population, especially in Belfast, was leading to continual tip-offs to the police. These usually have been anonymous, but they have become frequent enough to enable the IRA gunmen to be identified and watched, so that evidence can be obtained firsthand by soldiers and policemen, who are not afraid to give evidence. The result has been a growing number of convictions. The IRA therefore broke up its brigades, battalions, and companies, each of which was tied to a particular locality. The "company" consisted of five or 10 officers whose job was to organize, and if necessary coerce, the support of the people in that locality; but this became too risky. These groups of officers now have gone underground as Active Service Units. Even in hardcore republican areas, the people are glad to be rid of them. For the provos, the price of greater security has been the loss of their popular base.

The new revolutionary-style cell structure, with its ruthless discipline and punishments (there were more than 50 kneecappings in the first nine months of 1979) certainly has improved security. It also has increased the IRA's killing capability. As a result, the murder rate has increased in 1979 for the first time in several years. One ugly reaction to this is that the IRA's counterparts, the Protestant paramilitaries, have started once again to take the law into their own hands. Sectarian murders by both sides are increasing. These had reached a peak of 140 in 1976. Due largely to the success of the Royal Ulster Constabulary in detecting and arresting sectarian murderers, this type of killing declined sharply to 41 in 1977 and 14 in 1978, but now is rising.

This development makes the reunification of Ireland less likely than ever. The Protestants comprise 70 percent of the population of the six counties of Northern Ireland and would amount to 27 percent of the population of a reunited 32-county Ireland. No responsible politician, north or south of the border or in Britain, would wish to see these million Protestants carried against their will into the republic. This inevitably would increase the killing, not only in the North but all over Ireland, because the Protestant paramilitaries are stronger in numbers than the IRA, with greater support among the already infuriated Protestant population. The result would be civil war.

This prospect, for which the IRA is rightly blamed, has had the result that less than half of Northern Ireland's *Catholics* now want Ireland to be reunified. The Irish Social Research Institute (sponsored by the Dublin government) published a remarkable survey in October 1979; this showed that only 39 percent of the half million Catholics in the North wished to be reunited with the South. Eleven percent expressed no opinion and 50 percent wished to remain part of the United Kingdom. Combined with the overwhelming opposition of the million Northern Protestants, this means that well under 20 percent of the one and a half million people in the six counties of the North want reunification. Scarcely less remarkable was the finding that only 68 percent of the three million people of the 26 counties of the South want reunification. Combine these two and one finds that less than half the population of the 32 counties of Ireland now wishes to see the island reunified.

These figures bear out the conclusions of a much deeper survey carried out by a Jesuit sociologist, Father Michael MacGreil, published in Dublin in 1977 under the title *Prejudice and Tolerance in Ireland*. Father MacGreil found a stronger affinity between Northern Catholics and Protestants as fellow Northerners than between Northern and Southern Catholics. He also found a marked lack of enthusiasm among the Southerners about bringing their fractious brethren from the North into their happy and peaceful republic.

The view that the IRA is almost entirely responsible for this turnabout in Catholic opinion is further supported by Father MacGreil's conclusions about how intensely the IRA is hated in the South. He questioned a large and varied sample of Dubliners on their attitudes toward each of 70 different groups classified by employment, politics, nationality, and various social labels ("Middle class," alcoholics, criminals, drug addicts, etc.). Father MacGreil assessed these attitudes in terms of "social distance" measured by such things as willingness to marry, accept into the family, work with, or have as neighbors. The provisional IRA scored 67th out of the 70, lower than "criminals" and "alcoholics," with only "drug addicts," "communists," and "drug pushers" held in greater revulsion.

The attitude of successive British governments has been that the six Northern counties should be reunified



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with the South if the majority of people in those six counties so desire. In the original Government of Ireland Act of 1920, on which the partition is based, it is unequivocably stated that, if the two parliaments in Dublin and Belfast both voted to do so, they should establish a parliament for the whole of Ireland. But the Northern parliament never did this and now, after 10 years of violence, the population is more hostile to reunification than ever before.

Even if a majority in the South or even in the island as a whole were to desire reunification, the essential factor still would be the wishes of the people of the six counties. The mere fact that they share the same piece of territory has no significance. No one would suggest the annexation of Canada by the USA unless the majority of Canadians wished it.

Dr. Garret Fitzgerald, then the Irish foreign minister and now leader of the Fine Gael party and potential prime minister, told the United Nations General Assembly in 1973: "It is the people of Ireland we seek to unite. The territory of Ireland is nothing without its people." Prime Minister Jack Lynch repeated this view in his visit to the United States last month. While reiterating his strong desire to see Ireland eventually reunified, he acknowledged that an immediate withdrawal of British troops would be disastrous. As an essential preliminary to reunification, he urged the British government to bring Protestant and Catholic politicians together in some form of shared power in a devolved executive for the six Northern counties. Mrs. Thatcher's government called an all-party conference in Northern Ireland in December to discuss ways of doing this, but the conference was boycotted by both the main Protestant and Catholic parties, the Official Unionists, and the Social Democratic and Labour Party (SDLP). The Protestant Unionists have made it clear that they will participate only in a government in which all ministerial posts are filled by the majority party and none by the minority. This inevitably would mean permanent power for the Protestants and none for the Catholics. No British government, whether Labour or Conservative, would ever again support such an executive with British troops. If the troops withdrew, leaving Ulster to decide for itself, a Protestant government would be elected, and could maintain order only by mobilizing the paramilitaries to replace the British army—a sure recipe for a bloodbath between the paramilitaries and the IRA. Even if the British were to hand over power on paper to the Dublin government, the tiny Southern Irish army and police could not conceivably control this bloodbath, which is why no Dublin prime minister of either party would wish to inherit such a solution. So until there is a reconciliation within the North, there is no alternative but continued direct rule from London, with the British army helping the Royal Ulster Constabulary to keep down the killing. The homicide rate in Belfast for the past three years has been less than one-third of the homicide rate in Washington, DC, but even so every killing, and every gun put into the hands of the IRA from the outside, delays this reconciliation and hence delays reunification.

The destiny of the Middle East is being decided in Tehran.

# The Turning Point

## by Constantine Christopher Menges

History will mark the seizure of the American embassy in Iran as a turning point in the invisible war between radical and moderate forces for control of the destiny and the oil of the Middle East. Either the United States, the other democratic nations, and the moderate Arab governments will cooperate against extremism and terror, or there will be a fundamental change in the global balance in the next few years.

The 400 men marching toward the gates of the American embassy on November 4 carried a large banner reading in English: "We do not intend to bother you." That deception worked nicely. The Marine guards were told not to shoot the apparently "unarmed students," and within hours the unlucky Americans inside were captives. Who organized this action? Were these simply university students trying to liven up a dull post-revolutionary weekend? Definitely not. We know they were well organized and led. Did Khomeini or his Revolutionary Council instigate this? Perhaps, but the delay before the Iranian government endorsed the takeover suggests Khomeini took credit after the fact for his own reasons. There is a strong possibility

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that the embassy was captured by members of the radical left groups that are working hard to take the revolution into its next stage: the replacement of the mullahs by radical Marxists, Communists, and PLO-trained clergy with the Islam of Khomeini as the outer covering. Neutral visitors to the besieged embassy report that "student" leaders speak Arabic rather than Farsi to one another. When the PLO arrived to take possession of the former Israeli embassy last February, Yasser Arafat boasted about the years of political and military training the PLO had given to young Iranians who form the leadership of the Marxist guerrillas who helped to bring down the shah. The skill and discipline of the terrorists in the embassy suggests that their training has gone well beyond what any university teaches. On October 31 Radio Moscow said in Persian that "we are witnessing fresh, dangerous plots and intrigues against the Iranian Republic. . . . Great significance attaches to the slogan 'death to US imperialism.'" The clandestine Soviet transmitter, broadcasting from Baku as the National Voice of Iran, charged that the US embassy was the "center of corruption and anti-Iranian conspiracies."

The prompt PLO mediation offer also adds to the suspicion of radical left auspices. Quite possibly the intention was to repeat the successful maneuver against the Egyptian embassy in Turkey earlier this year. There a covert, PLO-trained group took the embassy employees hostage for several days while a PLO mediation team negotiated their release. A grateful Turkish government then permitted the PLO to open an office in Ankara. A replay of this routine may be what the Tehran terrorists had in mind until the Ayatollah Khomeini jumped in and used the episode as a way of rekindling the fervor of his revolution.

The shah was overthrown by the collapse of his military, brought about by a coalition of three forces: the traditionalist Islamic clergy; the modern, mostly democratic opposition; and the communist left, joined by various radical guerrilla groups. In recent months Khomeini has spoken out more and more frequently against communism and the Soviet Union, because he correctly believed Russia was supplying help and arms to the Kurds, Azerbaijanis, and fedayeen guerrillas who were challenging his power. The assassination of two of his closest associates by terrorists, the growing power of the Marxist armed groups, and mounting economic problems all reminded Khomeini that the Communists were a greater threat than the United States. For the moment, the surprise raid on the American embassy has changed all that. Again, the United States is "our number one enemy" according to the ayatollah. He says he has seen enough "documents" to convince him that the embassy was a "nest of spies," just as Radio Moscow had proclaimed. The more moderate figures, the last remnants of the secular opposition to the shah, have been removed from power; Khomeini and his Shi'ite fundamentalists now face opposition only from the radical left groups and their separatist friends. The most likely result is that a pro-Soviet government will emerge from the dust of ethnic conflict, dissatisfaction, austerity, and above all the political warfare waged by the radical coalition.

Two strands of history converge to explain how this has happened. After the Bolsheviks in Russia helped overthrow the czar, then replaced the social democratic regime of Kerensky and won the civil war, their first task was the pacification of the Islamic groups of Central Asia. This was accomplished in two stages. First, the Azerbaijanis, Kurds, Turkomens, Uzbeks, Tadjiks, and other Islamic peoples were promised full independence to prevent them from being lured away from the Soviet sphere. Then, as Soviet power was consolidated, there was a period of forced collectivization accompanied by mass famine and repression leading, by the early 1930s, to total domination of these Islamic populations. Separate republics were created to prevent the rise of any pan-Islamic or pan-Turkic movements within the USSR. Almost all Islamic leaders were murdered in the purges of the 1930s and the immediate postwar period.

Despite this campaign of internal war against Islam, Moscow's foreign policy made extensive use of nationalist and Islamic symbolism to counter the influence of the leading Western powers in the Middle East, especially Iran. During the 1920s the Soviets welcomed and helped new nationalist leaders such as Kemal Attaturk in Turkey and Reza Shah Pahlavi, father of the recent shah of Iran, as a way of counterbalancing London. But the growing power of the Soviet-supported Communist parties and the Communists' use of ethnic minorities as a fifth column made Iran and Turkey turn back toward the West in the 1930s.

Beginning in 1944, with victory against Hitler assured, Moscow began a new effort to gain influence in the Middle East. The new Soviet ambassador to Palestine was a Moslem who went every Friday to pray at the Mosque of Omar. Spies were recruited from Soviet Islamic groups and a Kurdish separatist movement aimed at Turkey and Iran was encouraged.

The first Soviet-backed revolutionary Iranian government was created in 1920, after Russian forces landed in Pahlavi, a port on the Caspian sea. The British forced a withdrawal, but left the treaty of 1921 which gave Russia the right of intervention if foreign troops threatened the integrity of Iran (a treaty which the Soviet ambassador repeatedly brought to the attention of the Iranian military in 1978 and which Khomeini finally abrogated on November 5).

In 1944 the Iranian Communist party organized massive street demonstrations in the northern cities such as Tabriz and Tehran to support the Soviet demands for oil concessions. By 1945 the Soviet Union had large military forces in Iran, and the government was unable to oppose Moscow. Then, in 1946, two contrived revolutions resulted in the creation of



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secessionist communist governments based on the Azerbaijani and Turkomen ethnic groups. Moscow quickly recognized them as sovereign, and even was kind enough to send Red Army divisions to protect them from the shah. It required the threat of war by the United States and Great Britain to force the withdrawal of the Soviet troops and the return to more subtle forms of political warfare.

In the 1960s, Islam became a weapon in the Soviet struggle with China along the central Asian border. Many Islamic ethnic groups, such as the Uyghurs, Kazahs, and Turkomens, live there. Both rival communist states have encouraged Islamic separatism in the other's territory. To prevent this, the Chinese communist regime has required intermarriage with ethnic Chinese and called attention to the decades of Soviet repression of Islam. The Soviets have welcomed Islamic refugees from China's cultural revolution. This is one reason for the sudden softening of the harsh Soviet rule in its central Asian domain during the 1960s. The ethnic languages were given more scope, a few more mosques and Islamic theological schools were opened (although all participants had to be cleared by the KGB), and inventive theorists began to define an "Islamic Marxism" that could form a bridge to the third world and its oil.

Radical Islamic fundamentalism is the other strand of history that is once again visible in Iran. The opening of the Middle East to Western influence and power in the last century began a still unfinished process of cultural shock, adaptation, and often violent resistance. Khomeini can speak for and represent the dedicated minority in Islam which takes an orthodox and literalist view of the Koran, and therefore opposes the emancipation of women, banks that charge interest, television, movies, many material comforts, and the secular state. This minority believes these innovations "corrupt" the proper relationship with Allah. Of course, this tension between traditional and modern or religious and secular values is a universal phenomenon and will be understood by orthodox Jews, devout Christians, and everyone over the age of 50 who has felt the pace of social change or raised children. What is unique to the Middle East is that traditional Islamic radicalism is so strong that it could surface again in recent years, even after having been dominated for decades by secular governments in Turkey, Iran, Pakistan, and Egypt.

The new historical ingredient that has made this reemergence possible is the rise of the Palestinian terrorist organizations, which can use hatred for Israel as a way of building an anti-Western coalition spanning the spectrum from Islamic fundamentalism to Marxism. This has occurred in the last 12 years and coincides with the withdrawal of British power, the success of Soviet-supported military groups in creating radical regimes in Libya, Syria, Iraq, Algeria (though there is some change in the last two), the use of force to install communist governments in South Yemen, Afghanistan, and Ethiopia, and worldwide economic strains caused by OPEC's oil price increase.

The next stage of the drama probably will involve the use of fundamentalist Islamic rhetoric in efforts to destabilize the remaining moderate, pro-Western oil states of the Arabian penninsula. This is a strategic objective shared by the three currents of radicalism. The PLO believe that getting rid of those pro-Western governments will permit the oil weapon to be used against any friend of Israel. The Islamic radicals proclaim that "Islam has no kings," and see the Arabian regimes as too modern and close to the West despite their genuine religious conservatism. The Soviet Union hopes to exploit the emerging Arab radicalism to separate Europe and Japan from the United States and thereby substantially lessen the capacity of the democracies to resist its power throughout the world.

The conservative Arabian oil states face the threat of covert action by all three radical forces. Instability also is inherent in the influx of hundreds of thousands of Palestinian and Yemini workers, some of whom are trained revolutionaries. Palestinians occupy influential places in the technocratic elites, including the army of Kuwait. The Palestinian and Shi'ite minorities comprise a large part of the population in the pro-Western oil states: Kuwait, 55 percent; Qatar, 42 percent; United Arab Emirates, 50 percent; Bahrein, 75 percent; Saudi Arabia, 15 percent. In Oman, adjacent to Saudi Arabia, the guerrilla war supplied by communist South Yemen, Cuba, and East Germany has gained new force in recent months. Nearly half the population is Shi'ite. Equally threatening is the recent surprise announcement of large-scale Soviet military aid to a second Saudi Arabia neighbor, North Yemen, a country which has suffered two major assassinations, one coup, and one old-fashioned conventional invasion from communist Yemen within the last two years.

These diverse but converging radical threats mean that the Arabian elites must choose some strategy for survival. This is the turning point defined by the seizure of the Americans in Iran. Until now the Saudis and others have tried to have both ways—stay friends with the Americans and still appease the Palestinian radicals. This has meant a tough anti-Israeli stand and financial payments to the PLO. But the seizure of the holy places in Mecca and Medina has shown that a radical movement can mount a well-planned attack in the heart of Saudi Arabia. That, along with clandestine radio accusations and Khomeini's public statements holding the United States and its "corrupt colony" Israel responsible, caused violence to erupt on the streets of Saudi Arabia, as well as Pakistan and Turkey. If the Arabian leadership continues to appease the PLO, or worse, decides to seek safety through increased support for radicalism, the path ahead is clear and the shah can tell the royal families just how the revolutionary upheaval feels as it comes from all sides at once.



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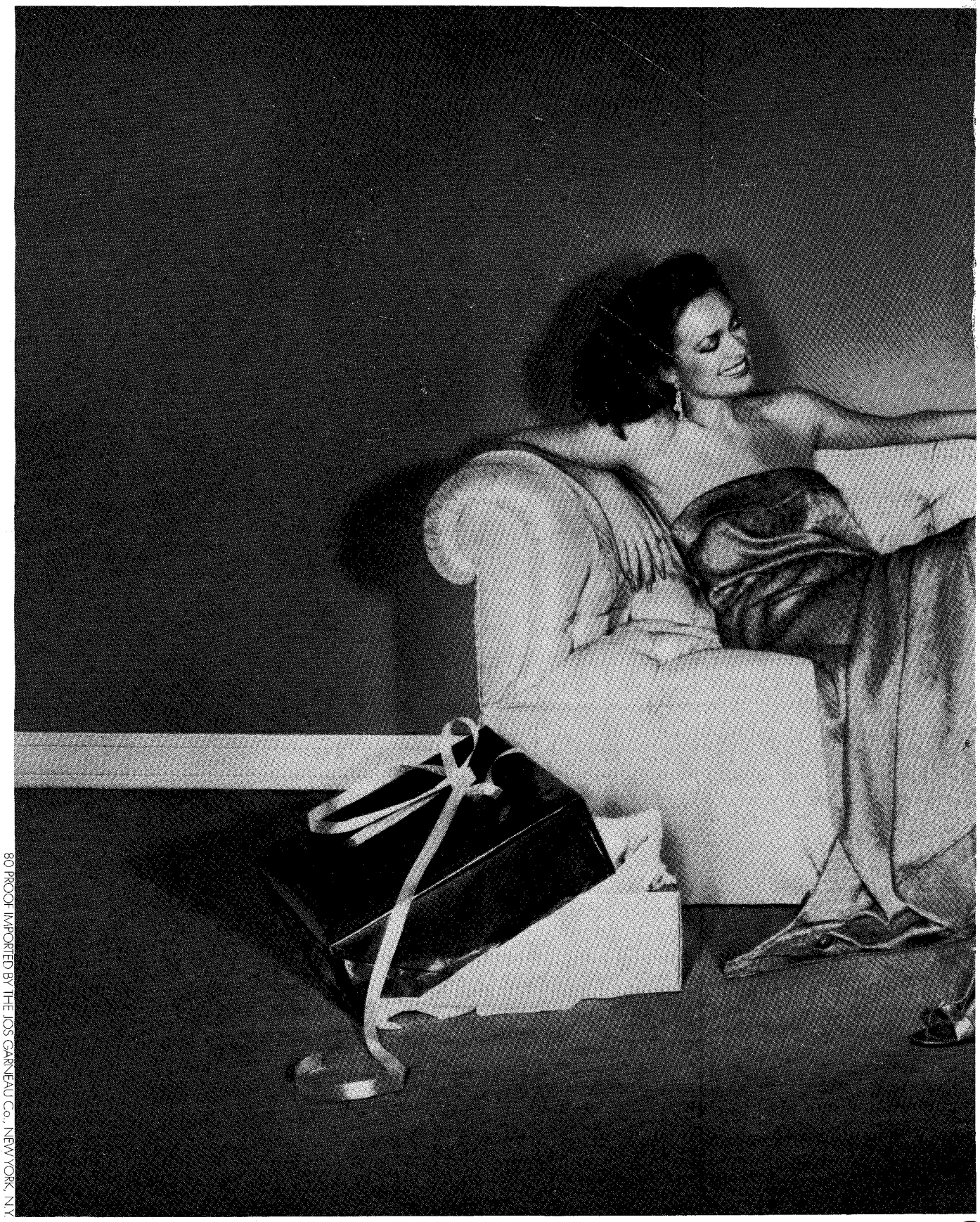

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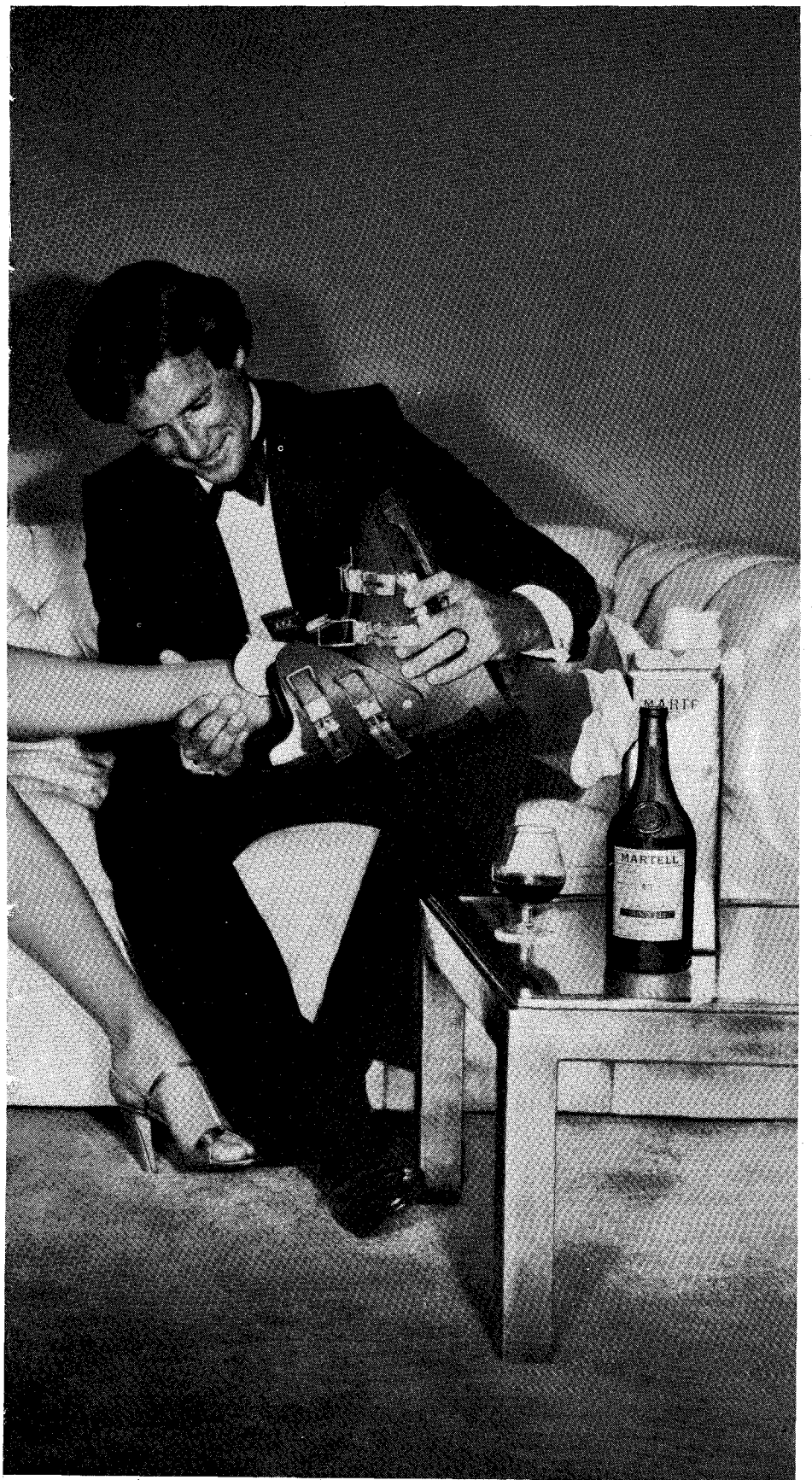


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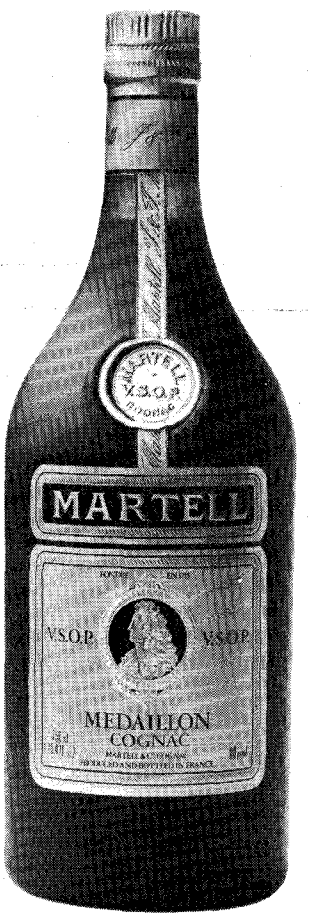


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# Books and the Arts

## Stanley Kauffmann on films

### Love, etc.

By far the most important ingredients of romantic comedy are the romantic comedians. Plot, dialogue, and direction are not quite irrelevant, but even when they are all fine, they can't save a film in which the romantic pair are duds. Conversely, if the pair are winning, we can forgive the dimness in other matters.

*The Electric Horseman* calls for some forgiveness, still it's pleasant because of its duo. We like being *with* Robert Redford and Jane Fonda so, as long as the other matters don't sag excessively—which they don't most of the time—we're entertained. The film says it has a Big Theme: it hasn't. It says it has a snappy, fearless plot: it hasn't. (The two stars begin as battling antagonists, for heaven's sake. Only the ending, which wild electric horses couldn't drag out of me, is molded to the *zeitgeist*: the rest is straight down the old Hollywood pike.) But it has R & F.

He is a rodeo star on the wane. She is a top network newscaster. It's not *The China Syndrome* again, exactly. This time she's famous right away, and her move is not from trivia to tragedy but from chromium to heart. Redford now works for a breakfast-food company, plugging their cereal by riding around rodeo rings at night with himself and his horse outlined in lights. The conglomerate that owns the food company is staging a mammoth shindig in a Las Vegas hotel to cement a merger with a bank. Redford is there to ride a famous stud, an ex racing champion, as an (electric) highlight of the show. Fonda is one of the press corps at the huge non-event.

In the midst of all this tinsel, Redford recovers truth. He finds out that the magnificent horse has been doped and otherwise fixed in order to make it more show-biz, and he sees this as an occasion of sin. Implicitly he also sees it as a figure of himself. Lights and all, he gets on the horse and rides across the stage out through the audience, out through the gaming rooms, out into the street, and off into the hills. His intent, we learn later, is to take the horse back to a canyon where mustangs roam and to turn it loose—a $12-million stud animal. And again, of course, this is figuratively what he's doing with himself.

Fonda, clever and quick, figures out what he's up to, arranges for TV coverage at the canyon to which Redford is journeying—it's about three days away—then, through various developments, joins Redford on the trek through the mountains. She's with him, and the horse, for three days. While they travel alone, in the great outdoors. . . . Well, suppose you were a man, alone around a campfire with Jane Fonda. Suppose you were a woman, alone there with Robert Redford. The picture exists for those supposes. And all that the stars really have to do is implement them, which they do.

The picture does not exist for its theme, which is hooey. Or rather it's the same hokey American-grit-and-honesty theme that has served many a better romantic comedy before, notably *It Happened One Night* and *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. Money and cities are Bad. Poor-but-honest country people are Good. Business makes people power-mad and cruel: all corporation executives are scheming rats. Outdoor life makes people noble: Redford, his pals, all the outdoor folk share superb unwavering values. Fonda starts in one camp—the greasy—and ends up in the other—the grand; and even though she returns to TV, we know she will carry a glow in her heart.

The aging rodeo star is hardly a fresh character idea: Steve McQueen did it in *Junior Bonner*, Cliff Robertson did it in *J. W. Coop*, both in the same year (1972). The confrontation between indoor people and outdoor people—really the confrontation between East and West—goes back further. Some samp... Douglas in *Lonely Are the Brave* (1... Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon in *The Cowboy and the Lady* (1938). The same basic theme is in William Vaughn Moody's play *The Great Divide* (1906). I don't imply that the team of writers involved in *The Electric Horseman* did any pilfering. They simply partook of a popular sentimental myth in a country whose being is based on the idea of a frontier. One of the foundations of the concept of romanticism, in its most serious sense, is the battle of the individual against the systems of civilization. But it sentimentalizes that concept to represent the individual by any outdoor loner and to represent civilization by ravening money hunger.

And when, as in *The Electric Horseman*, you further epitomize the concept in a beautiful animal that has been domesticated and is now allowed to run free, you have really hit a gusher in false profundities.

Owen Roizman's camera supports the simplistic scheme of the story much too faithfully. Fonda looks hard as the driving reporter of the opening, all paint and slabs; her face doesn't take on any softness or humanity until the paint comes off around the campfire. Sydney Pollack has directed both stars before: Redford in *Jeremiah Johnson*, where the star overcame the flabby direction, Fonda in *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, where the star did not. Here, after a slick but trite opening third, Pollack accepts from his writers an unslick and trite sequence—Redford escaping on horse-

### Films Worth Seeing

*Apocalypse Now.* Vietnam as psychedelic trip. The fact that it came out this way, instead of as moral drama, says more than was intended.

*The Ballad of Orin.* Superlative cinematography in a moving Japanese film about a blind woman singer in this century. Repeat: superlative cinematography, not to be missed.

*Monty Python's Life of Brian.* About another Jewish boy, born at the same time as Jesus, who didn't want to be a messiah. Wittily swift, swiftly witty.

*Nosferatu.* The Germans take *Dracula* a bit too seriously, but Klaus Kinski really *acts* the undead monster for the first time.

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back from police cars and motorcycle cops who are trying to recapture the expensive horse. (Nature vs. civilization again.) The sequence would be stupid even if it were credible, which it isn't, but the worst thing about it is the way Pollack signals that Redford has escaped: not by anything that we see happen but by cutting off the chase music and making the camera soar upward in a crane shot to follow Redford riding free. And through the outdoor trek, with man and woman and horse, I kept hoping that we wouldn't get a ridge shot of the three against a sunset. I hoped in vain.

Moments like these, or the soft montages at emotional moments, or the slightly slowed-up shots of the horse running loose, debilitate the modernity that Pollack has reached for at other times—the implication that he knows the material is hokum but respects his audience's hipness. It doesn't work. This film confirms what his past films have shown: lack of rigor, softness of control rooted in smallness of vision.

But those duo scenes in the wilderness are really good candy.

Bette Midler is a known quantity. And the quantity is large in *The Rose*: she's on screen almost the whole time and she keeps giving. Many want what she gives. I don't *not* want it, it just doesn't do much for me.

Midler is a somewhat different case from Barbra Streisand, as far as films are concerned. Other considerations apply with Streisand. She is not just a singer, never was: her pictures are up for judgment on other scores besides her musical performances. Midler, so far, is a singer who has, in *The Rose*, been packaged.

The script has a resemblance to the life of Janis Joplin. That's enough about the script. Alan Bates, as Midler's cockney manager, can be understood about half the time. That's enough about the supporting cast. And zero is enough about the direction.

Lately the French, in a spasm of decline, have been sending us sex farces of limited invention and (seemingly) unlimited duration, usually with Pierre Richard or Jean Rochefort. This time the US has made one of its own. Blake Edwards did the script and direction, and it's called *10*. (You know: how does she rate on a scale of one to 10?) A successful song writer, Dudley Moore, English, living in Hollywood, turns 42 and worries about decay. This leads to antics with younger women. He pursues a young bride to Mexico and, by a series of accidents, gets into bed with her. But her moral attitude turns him off! (And, I may add, !!!!) The script starts Moore with a possible comic dilemma, then shoves him into a string of slapstick gags that have nothing to do with that dilemma or his character, then fakes a way of getting him out of the bride's bed—after two hours of drooling—back to his older *amour*, Julie Andrews.

Moore is more flexed and subtle than he has been and manages to quarry out a few laughs. The bride is Bo Derek who has one of those unpromising models' faces and who keeps her unpromise. Andrews, as usual, is the quintessence of catarrhal English suburbia.

Edwards quotes (without quotation marks) the line: "After 40, it's patch, patch, patch all the way." Pretty nervy for the author of this patchwork script, which includes such comic antiquities as the bit with the bowed old nearsighted servant and the bit with the amateur songwriter so bad that he makes his dog restless. It almost brought nostalgic tears to my eyes to see these gags in a supposedly smart modern comedy.

# William Youngren on classical records

## Christmas round-up III

This year's-end summing-up should properly begin with a brief recital of the year's very finest recordings: Maurizio Pollini's five last Beethoven Sonatas (Deutsche Grammophon 2709 072); Verdi's *Otello*, conducted by James Levine, with Domingo, Scotto, and Milnes in the principal roles (RCA CRL3-2951); Britten's *Peter Grimes*, conducted by Colin Davis with Jon Vickers in the title role (Philips 6769 014); and the two remarkable versions of the four Brahms Symphonies by von Karajan (Deutsche Grammophon 2711 022) and by Levine (RCA ARL 1-1326, ARL 1-2864, ARL 1-2097, and ARL 1-2624). (All of these I commented upon in detail in earlier columns.)

Happily, the various distinguished series of Haydn recordings that I mentioned in last year's summing-up continue to move forward. Colin Davis and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw have done Symphonies Nos. 100 and 104 (Philips 9500 510), and Neville Marriner, with the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, has branched out from the lesser known, middle-period symphonies into the later ones: No. 101 (along with the middle-period No. 45), Nos. 82 and 83, and Nos. 100 and 103 (respectively on Philips 9500 520, 9500 519, 9500 225). All of these performances, like those that preceded them, are superb: the playing of both orchestras is flawless, both conductors' conceptions of the music completely idiomatic, free of eccentricities, totally realized. It is enlightening to compare the two versions of No. 100 (the "Military"). Though they are very close in tempi and overall conception, Davis is consistently larger and more solid, Marriner more intimate, with more frequent subtle variations of dynamics and greater transparency of texture. I was reminded of the contrast between the two fine old 78 rpm recordings of No. 104, by Beecham and by the pianist Edwin Fischer, leading a chamber orchestra: Davis's performances of Haydn have consistently had all the virtues of Beecham's with none of their defects (the plodding minuets, for example), while Marriner is clearly more in the Fischer line. Both approaches work beautifully.

Pianist Gilbert Kalish has added a fourth record to his series of the Haydn Piano Sonatas (Nonesuch 71362). Once again I find his playing of these extraordinary (and still largely neglected) works unfailingly thoughtful and intelligent. But once again I must object that he sometimes lacks the fire and wit demanded by the music. Compare the finale of the great C-minor Sonata of 1771 (Hoboken XVI: 20, Landon No. 33) with Richter's old performance, done at a concert in Moscow in the early 1960s and once available in this country on Melodiya. The Sonata is one of Haydn's



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finest *Sturm und Drang* works, and Richter plays the finale with a hair-raising intensity and near ferocity that are exactly right—and that came, I might add, as a shock to those of us who, 20 years ago, did not yet know the Haydn of the early 1770s. Kalish, on the other hand, is rather placid and sober. Still, this is the best set of Haydn Sonatas going.

Last year I wrote: "the Mahler boom continues"; this year it has continued to continue. Symphonies 5-7 are the Mahler works that always have given me the most trouble: they have their great moments but are full of frenetic intensity and almost weeping sentimentality (a friend once meanly but justly characterized the slow movement of No. 6 as "Daphne du Maurier music"); yet I keep finding myself drawn to them even as I am repelled. (No. 8, which is really a gigantesque cantata in two movements, I simply cannot listen to and am content to write off as a stolid, pretentious bore.) But Levine's new versions of No. 5, with the Philadelphia Orchestra (RCA ARL 2-2905), and of No. 6, with the London Symphony (RCA ARL 2-3213), once again convince me of the importance (if not the greatness) of these works. Levine gives the most lyrical moments—the second subject of the first movement of No. 5, for example—an openness and breadth that are absolutely right and that make sense of the music as, for example, an overly linear and "clear" Boulez No. 5, broadcast several years ago with the Cleveland Orchestra, did not. There is an equally fine No. 6 by von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 106), which is even more flexible and expansive than Levine's—sometimes to the point of violating Mahler's famously (even notoriously) explicit instructions.

Like the rest of the world, I have no trouble at all with Mahler's Symphony No. 4, of which Claudio Abbado, with the Vienna Philharmonic and soprano Frederica von Stade, has given us precisely the beautifully balanced and articulated performance (Deutsche Grammophon 2530 966) that we should have expected from the man who gave us the splendid No. 2 that I mentioned last year.

After the (to me) disastrous No. 8—which, incidentally, provided Mahler with his greatest public success at its premiere in Munich on September 10, 1910—he again found himself in what are for me his greatest works, No. 9 and *Das Lied von der Erde*. A Levine No. 9 has been announced by RCA, and though I have not yet heard it, I bet it will be worth having. In No. 10, which Mahler did not live to complete, he was heading off in very interesting new directions. (Levine fills out the last side of his No. 5 with the first movement of No. 10, which Mahler did leave in completed form.) Though the work was composed through to the end, harmony, inner voices, and orchestration are often only vaguely sketched in. Yet in recent years there have been several "performing versions" extrapolated from the existing sketches—over the vigorous (and silly) "moral" objection that no one should presume to complete what the Master left incomplete. No. 10, as revealed in fine performances this season by young Niklaus Wyss and the Boston Symphony, is a masterpiece, even as completed by someone else—in this case the late English musicologist Deryck Cooke. Levine is about to record (or perhaps already has recorded) the complete Cooke No. 10, and, judging from his recorded performance of the first movement and from a tape of the whole work made at a Ravinia Festival concert this past summer, his recording of the whole work will be something to acquire. (Avoid the already existing recording by Ormandy, which is of an earlier and inferior recension of the Cooke score, and by Wynn Morris, which is stolid and boring.)

Meanwhile, Colin Davis never sleeps. In recent months he has made at least three important recordings—in addition to those already noted. The first, a complete 1910 *Firebird* (Philips 9500 637)

## LIGHTNING HAS ONCE HIT NEAR ME

Lots cringe in ashlight.
It hurts beneath my heart
at the high storm warning

when thwart wet winds come, shaking
at the panes like waters swollen from out far
and swelling on through. It is earnest.

Two thick monolithic tines at sea
have heard: iron and emerald
which connected, ages westward,

now barrel their unseen magnetic sound
into a shrill ambiguous monotone
that suddenly drones in the front court

above the inaudible rain and
powerless wind. The air is still
and crisp and dry like the Alps.

There is no movement anywhere
except in fat kaleidoscopes
that ream the venetian blinds.

It is here, crackling and still
and so moment-like. I dream
of nudity. The bugs go wild

from beneath the baseboards.
One, horribly swift, leaps
upon my chest. Sadness in white hunks

hangs over me. It hurts beneath
my heart. The sparks numb me
with blue from the phone pole that falls

ever so slowly into the dark
and successive thunder. It hurts.
I look out on a changed world:

pure old storm, wind and rain and beats
of tame thunder, a slash of hail. It hurts
beneath my heart. I may conceive.

**Mary Kinzie**



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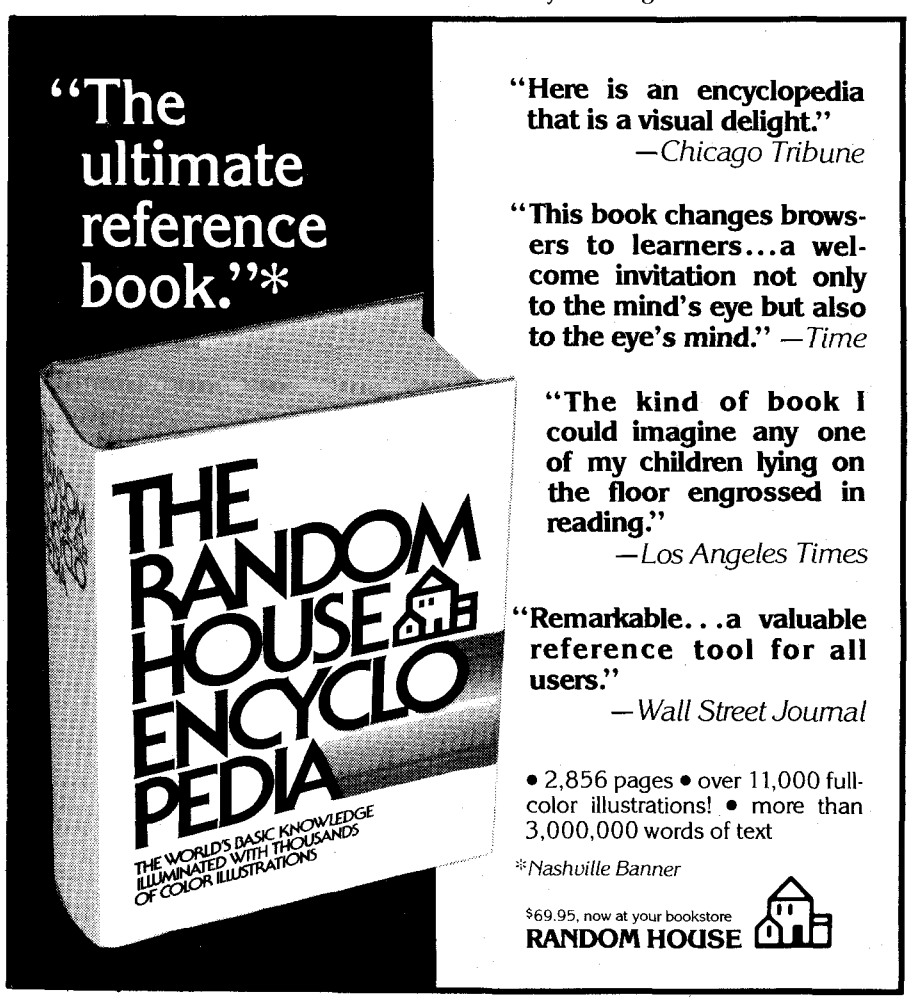
done with the Concertgebouw, deserves to rank with his excellent versions of *Sacre du Printemps* and the 1947 *Petrouchka* that I commented on last spring. Superbly cohesive and dramatic throughout, this new *Firebird* reminds us once again how much is lost in the familiar *Suite*, which until recently was the form in which one almost always heard this music. In the complete version the dramatic conflict between good (Prince Ivan) and evil (Katschei) is clearly and richly played out, and the benediction offered by the Firebird's *Berceuse* is all the more satisfying if we have experienced the conflict fully—and so is the triumphant conclusion if the *Berceuse* is interrupted by Katschei's death, which intervenes between the two episodes but is omitted from the *Suite*. *Sacre*, so far as I know, was never played in cut form and people long ago stopped playing the *Suite* drawn from *Petrouchka*; it is high time to consign the *Firebird Suite* to the scrap-heap of history and to hear the work only in its original uncut form.

Second, there is Davis's new version of Berlioz's delightful *Beatrice and Benedict*, which supplants his earlier version, still available on Oiseau Lyre S-256/7, because now he has included at least some of the spoken dialogue, which was totally omitted before, creating numerous dramatic confusions. But why not go whole hog and use all the dialogue? Surely anyone who is going to buy a recording of *Beatrice and Benedict* would not object to the few extra minutes and would appreciate the still further dramatic clarification that would result—the understanding, for example, that Somarone's drunken "improvisation" at the beginning of Act II does not come out of thin air but is prepared for by a conversational introduction. Davis's conception of the work has scarcely changed. But the playing of the London Symphony, also employed on the earlier version, is more beautiful and sensitive this time. And the cast is at least as good: Christiane Eda-Pierre, as Hero, has all the clarity and brilliance that April Cantelo brought to the role, and in addition a fullness and warmth, especially in her lower register, that Cantelo lacked; as Benedict, Robert Tear is a match for the earlier version's John Mitchinson, Tear's lighter and more elegant voice contrasting with Mitchinson's more full-bodied one; and Helen Watts is again excellent in the minor role of Ursula. The big surprise is the great Janet Baker, who replaces Josephine Veasey as Beatrice. The music of her ironic Act I duet with Benedict is conventional and boring, but on the old recording at least it was sung straight, whereas Baker and Tear, and especially Baker, ham it up—which does nothing to hide the conventionality of the music, as was perhaps the intent, but rather emphasizes it. The opportunity to hear Baker again doesn't come until the long dramatic *scena* in Act II which is the high point of the opera. And I was astonished to find her again, and this time with no possible dramatic justification, hamming it up: leaning on notes, underscoring the meanings of words, even occasionally managing to make her ravishing voice sound downright unattractive. On the older version Veasey was far more convincing, and Davis shaped the music into a more effective dramatic whole, emphasizing contrasts between fast and slow sections more sharply. But in the concluding *cabaletta* Baker is thrilling as only Baker can be.

Third, there is Verdi's *The Masked Ball* (Philips 6769 020), with the Covent Garden Orchestra and Chorus, and José Carreras, Montserrat Caballé, and Ingvar Wixell in the principal roles. The touchstone for judging any performance of this work is of course Toscanini's classic 1954 recording, and on close comparison Davis comes out with flying colors. Just as when I made a similar comparison between Levine's and Toscanini's versions of *Otello*, I felt that Davis, like Levine, has learned the best of what Toscanini had to teach about the conducting of opera: how to make the music follow and yet simultaneously control the dramatic action. Davis's performance is flawlessly shaped, the work's predominant contrasts of sparkling lightness and sinister conspiracy perfectly brought out at every point without exaggeration or forcing. On Toscanini's recording string and wind phrases are often more intimately played and more highly inflected, and inner parts often given greater (and occasionally excessive) energy. Certainly his account of the Act II love-duet between Riccardo and Amelia is more passionate than Davis's, but there, and occasionally elsewhere, Toscanini's striving for passion and intensity brings out the vulgarity of the music—which at times comes perilously close to Gilbert and Sullivan—more clearly than does Davis's slightly more relaxed approach. Also, Davis adheres faithfully to the score, which Toscanini further vulgarized by making a few alterations in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Verdi's careful orchestration: by adding trumpets and trombones, for example, to Verdi's clarinets, bassoons, and cellos just after Amelia's words *"il feroce decreto mi vuol parte ad un'opra di sangue"* in Act III. The Covent Garden Orchestra is excellent throughout (whereas the NBC strings were occasionally ragged and the winds harsh), and Davis's cast is at least a match for Toscanini's: as Riccardo, Carreras is lighter (though no more elegant) than the robust and energetic Jan Peerce; Caballé is a stronger and more full-bodied Amelia than the nonetheless excellent Herva Nelli; Wixler is smoother and suaver as Renato than Robert Merrill, whose voice, especially in Act III of the Toscanini version, becomes somewhat coarse and unpleasant. But the two performances are very close in tempi and overall conception. Listening to Toscanini's for the first time in perhaps 10 years, I felt the same regret that I felt 25 years ago when I heard it broadcast: that when he finally came to broadcast and record complete operas, Toscanini chose a minor (though still delightful) work like *The Masked Ball* (to say nothing of *La Bohème*) rather than the *Tristan* or *Figaro* he might have given us. But this time I also felt grateful that Davis is young, ambitious, and versatile enough so that at the end of his career we probably won't have such regrets.

Finally, there is one last very important recording event of the year: the excellent first volume (Columbia M4-35193) of the long-awaited two-volume set of the complete music of Anton Webern, prepared under the supervision of Boulez. It contains all of what we used to think of as the Webern canon: Opp. 1-31. But Hans Moldenhauer, whose definitive biography of the composer, written in collaboration with his wife Rosaleen, has just appeared this year, has recently discovered many other Webern works. These will appear in the second volume of the Columbia set, and I would prefer to withhold detailed comment on the first volume until I can hear them.

## White House Years by Henry Kissinger

(Little, Brown; $22.50)

Of few other books could it more appropriately be said that there is less here than meets the eye. Or the hand. For this massive volume, impossible to carry on the bus or even to read in bed, tells us far more than we need to know about the author's first four years as Richard Nixon's foreign policy adviser. This book harbors many gems, to be sure, but they are deeply encased in padding, like a set of old dishes packed in styrofoam. Henry Kissinger, or "Doctor," as he prefers to be addressed in the academic title he quaintly brought along with him into the corridors of power, has not resisted the attempt to tell nearly everything he knows. And a good deal more besides.

He cannot resist the temptation to pontificate, a habit no doubt induced by years of lecturing to captive students, or of demonstrating his erudition. Thus, before each major foreign trip, the reader is treated to a slide-show capsule history. "Bordered on the south by the Indian Ocean, on the north by the Himalayas, and on the west by the Hindu Kush mountains that merge with the heavens as if determined to seal off the teeming masses, and petering out in the east in the marshes of Bengal, the Indian subcontinent has existed through millennia as a world apart," we are told in preparation for his celebrated "tilt" toward Pakistan in the 1971 war. This lecture, which goes on and on for paragraphs, reveals the good doctor's talent for travelogues, but also why his text runs to 1476 pages.

Unfortunately the exigencies of a huge publisher's advance, said to amount to some five million dollars, and the 1980 presidential elections, in which, as an unemployed statesman, he has a professional interest, did not permit him to write the reflective volume of which he is no doubt capable. This one is more in the nature of what might be called a campaign autobiography: the campaign for his return as secretary of state in some future Republican administration.

Nonetheless, buried deep in these multitudinous pages is a book worthy of his scholarly, as well as of his worldly, ambitions. One gets glimpses of it from time to time, particularly in the cameo vignettes of the great and the not so great. Here Kissinger's unexpected talents as a biographer, and his well-known expertise at vindictiveness and flattery, are put to good use.

In a few striking paragraphs the author draws portraits of some of the foreign leaders he encountered in his years at the top—Mao, Chou, Brezhnev, De Gaulle, Wilson, Heath—and twists his rapier in the back of those who, like McGeorge Bundy, have given him less than he believes to be his due. The capsule biography form also offers him the opportunity to lay flowery wreaths at the bier of past benefactors, such as Nelson Rockefeller, to whom he has most appropriately dedicated this volume, and at the feet of such possible future ones as John Connally. Any future employer, however, would do well to watch his step. Kissinger's comments on his former boss, Richard Nixon, are sly, vicious, and dripping with innuendo. Doctor Kissinger proves himself to be, on a very high level indeed, accomplished both as a flatterer and a character assassin.

But Kissinger is not Keynes, and one does not read his little essays in biography for revelation. One is merely surprised that they are written so deftly. Nor does one read Kissinger to find out what the guiding principles of American foreign policy ought to be. For what is most striking about this book is that the celebrated diplomatist does not seem to know. He does, to be sure, incant such phrases as "equilibrium," "balance of power," and "national interest," but they tend to float errantly in an undefined void.

For him the purpose of foreign policy is simply the aggrandizement of the power of the state. The uses to which such power may be put are purely incidental. There are, to be sure, a few ritualistic curtsies to "morality." No foreign policy text would be complete without them. But the author uses the word in a very special sense. For him it does not mean equity, justice, self-determination, or dedication to principles higher than the law of nations. Rather, as he makes clear in relating his part in the devastation of Cambodia, the plotting against Allende's Chile, the unqualified support of the shah of Iran, and the encouragement of Pakistani genocide, morality is whatever seems most advantageous to the power of the



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state he happens to serve.

Kissinger does not offer a view of foreign policy so much as a set of negotiating tactics. He tells us how to pin an opponent to the ground, or even how to cripple him for life, but not the reasons why he should be considered an opponent. For Henry Kissinger such questions do not even seem to arise. Life is a struggle for supremacy. Victory goes to the strongest. Anything that stands in the way—the Congress, the press, a recalcitrant public—should be cajoled, lied to, intimidated, "contained."

But we live in a country that expects its foreign policy to have at least some relation to moral values. And so Kissinger tells us, in recounting the resignation of three of his key aides over the invasion of Cambodia, that "morality can best be demonstrated not by a grand gesture but by the willingness to persevere through imperfect stages for a better world." But the decision to devastate "poor Cambodia" was most definitely, he assures us, "not a moral issue." It was all part of what he calls, in a frequent incantation, a "Greek tragedy." Presumably by that phrase he does not mean what the Greeks meant—the moment of searing revelation that comes in the aftermath of blind and violent passion. If so, there is no indication of such self-knowledge here, only self-justification.

No, this is not a book about morality in foreign policy, and Kissinger is ill-advised even to raise an issue that can only cast doubt on his motives, if not his decency. Any man who can calmly recount how he plotted to overthrow the democratically elected government of another country—in this case Chile—does not have a serious claim to our attention on moral grounds.

The case of Chile is instructive and, together with the chapter on the India-Pakistan war over Bangladesh, perhaps the most significant in the book. Not because it deals with events that captured the attention of many Americans—the long sections on the Indochina war have understandably aroused greater controversy—but because it reveals the assumptions that govern Kissinger's view of foreign policy. Salvador Allende was expendable on three counts. First, having won only a 36 percent plurality, he was not "really" elected. (By this logic Woodrow Wilson, who in 1912 garnered but 41 percent of the vote in a three-way race, should have been replaced by William Howard Taft in a British-engineered coup.) Second, he might not observe "democratic guarantees" (although Kissinger fails to note that Allende did hold a democratic election three years later and increased his plurality in parliament). Third, and obviously most important, he had "avowed his dedication to totalitarian Marxism-Leninism."

We can forget about the problem of democratic guarantees, which seemed not to concern Kissinger at all with regard to the shah of Iran, whom he describes as a "gentle, even sentimental man" whose authoritarian methods were "in keeping with the traditions" of his society. No, Allende's sin was that he was an "admirer of the Cuban dictatorship and a resolute opponent of 'American imperialism.'" That being the case, it was clearly "neither morally nor politically unjustified for the United States to support those internal political forces seeking to maintain a democratic counterweight to radical dominance." In other words, it was "moral" to funnel money into opposition parties and, after Allende won the election, to foment civil unrest, encourage a military coup d'état, and finance terrorist groups that, in a


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## The Russian Empire: A Portrait in Photographs by Chloe Obolensky with an introduction by Max Hayward

(Random House; $24.95)

Holy Russia has never been captured more fully than in this excellent collection of photographs. This is the Russia of the ordinary people—metalworkers in St. Petersburg, peasants on country estates, Cossacks in the Ukraine, convicts in Siberia. The book includes only a handful of photographs of the czars and their families, and one of Tolstoy playing a board game with his family. It is a matchless depiction of the Russia we have lost.

Peasants of Nizhny-Novgorod, c. 1880.

Blind wandering pilgrims, c. 18

botched kidnapping attempt, murdered the head of the Chilean armed forces when he refused to go along with a coup. "I cannot accept the proposition that the United States is debarred from acting in the gray area between diplomacy and military intervention," Kissinger blandly observes. This is, to be sure, a logical policy, given his premises. But to pretend it has anything to do with morality is unworthy of such an avowed exponent of realpolitik. Kissinger should, like Dean Acheson, whom he professedly admires, have the courage not to pay lip service to sentiments he so clearly despises.

What are his convictions? That we live in a Hobbesian world where power is the only arbiter and the only morality. That international life is an incessant struggle for dominance. That the weak are meant to be victims and that the strong can avoid that fate only by being merciless. What he refers to as the "national interest" must be based upon such principles. Anything else, to use one of his favorite derogatory terms, is purely sentimental. Thus those State Department officials who wondered whether it was right for the United States to try to prevent Chileans from electing a president of their choice are contemptuously dismissed for "confusing social reform with geopolitics." Secretary of State William Rogers, Kissinger's hated bureaucratic rival, is described as having "no grasp of geopolitical stakes." And what are those stakes? "By geopolitical," he explains, "I mean an approach that pays attention to the requirements of equilibrium." And what is equilibrium? Essentially the balance of power, which is to say, the status quo.

One could, of course, argue over the morality of a policy dedicated to counterrevolution and the perpetuation of the status quo. Such an argument might be interesting, but not to Kissinger. Even on his grounds, however, one could ask whether such a policy is realistic. Is it really in America's "national interest" to go to war in defense of the status quo? Is it reasonable to interpret any political change anywhere as a threat to the balance of power? Is every third world palace coup equally crucial to America's vital interests? The trouble with Kissinger's definition is that it is devoid of any sense of proportion or priority—the failing that led him to pursue "honor" for four futile years in Vietnam and to attempt an intervention in Angola. He still has not learned the difference between a peripheral one. For h

It is this curious that led him to p Vietnam and to de Obsessed with th different to the mo less powerful, he see chessboard with tw and a field of pawns the Bengalis in murderous Yahya K Pakistan is seen Kissinger's own cupations. "There the strong-arm tac military," he admit Bangladesh. "But P channel to China. Bengalis, who got Kissinger needed a his *billet-doux* to Cl failed to back the have undone our C the Bengalis migh that, to their mind tant than ensuring had pressed duck in Peking is apparently not worthy of a serious statesman's consideration.

But it may be worthy of ours. Particularly since Kissinger reveals that



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"Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord."

A Yakut riding a reindeer.

Blacksmiths

he was urging Nixon to threaten the Soviet Union with war if it put pressure on China. The logic goes something like this. The Indians, with Russian weapons and encouragement, were backing the Bengali secessionists and making vague threatening noises at West Pakistan. The Pakistanis had linked up with India's old nemesis, China. If Pakistan were humiliated by a friend of Moscow, that is, India, then the Chinese would not take Uncle Sam "seriously." Thus the puzzling "tilt" toward Pakistan. "The major problem now is that the Russians retain their respect for us," Kissinger explained to Nixon in their coded language of geopolitics. "We have to prevent India from attacking West Pakistan." If the Indians did attack—and it is questionable that they ever intended to—then the United States would "have no choice" but to aid China. And if the Soviets should then threaten Peking, Washington "would not stand idly by."

So, folks, while the fighting in Vietnam was still going on, we almost got embroiled in a war with Russia in order to save face for China—a nation which at that time we did not even officially recognize. Such is realpolitik as played by the masters: the same kind that plunged Europe into war over the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand by Serbian nationalists in 1914. Thus does Nixon, in Kissinger's words, deserve our everlasting thanks for having the courage to "preserve the world balance of power for the ultimate safety of all free peoples."

Kissinger's obsession with the Russians leads him down other curious byways. Allende, for example, had to be overthrown not only because he was a "Marxist-Leninist," but because halfway around the world the Syrians, presumably with a wink from Moscow, had made forays into Jordan. And to wrap it all up, Washington was at the time putting pressure on the Russians to dismantle their nuclear submarine refueling base in Cuba. This, in Kissinger's language, was an example of "linkage." There is a kind of logic in all this; there is also a kind of madness. Not madness of the certifiable sort, to be sure, for it takes a great deal more to certify a statesman than it does an ordinary citizen, but madness nonetheless. Linkage may have its uses, but only if the connection between events remains somewhere this side of paranoia. One gets the impression that around the White House it was not only Nixon who had to be humored lest he go off the deep end, but the good doctor himself.

Diplomacy as conducted by Kissinger, for all its Byzantine intricacy, was hobbled by an intellectual straightjacket. Kissinger's tendency to see every nationalistic contretemps everywhere in the world as linked to the Russo-American cold war suggests not only intellectual blinders, but intellectual narcissism as well. That is, an incapacity to see the world except in reference to an abused and insufficiently-appreciated self. His celebrated megalomania, which he often uses as the object of gentle jokes designed to charm his admirers and disarm his critics, is merely the other side of an ill-concealed insecurity. Fame and power seem to have made Kissinger more at ease with the insecurity, but have made him no less intolerant of those with other views on how the world operates.

All of this would be of no public consequence—certainly we are all entitled to our own neuroses—did it not deeply affect his perception of international relations and his conduct of American diplomacy. An inability to perceive the validity of others is matched by an incapacity to view their struggles as anything more than an



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extension of one's own. Thus the Cambodians, Bengalis, Chileans, and Vietnamese, for example, are not only treated as pawns in the great battle of the superpowers, but viewed as entities of a lesser order of reality. A diplomacy that sees the world in terms of pawns may or may not be immoral. But it is certainly self-deceiving and prone to dangerous obsessions. Were Kissinger still directing American foreign policy we would, no doubt, long ago have sent the Marines into Nicaragua to defend Somoza—"a friend of our country and a pillar of stability in a turbulent and vital region," to use Kissinger's description of another free world friend, the shah of Iran. We would be aiding the Moroccans in the Sahara war and the South Africans against Angola. And it would all be done in the name of the higher logic of "equilibrium" and the balance of power.

Kissinger is in no sense an ideologue. He is a game player, as bored by matters of ideology, not to mention morality, as are the Soviets themselves. The game is all, and what makes it worth playing is a competitor worthy of one's own guile. Were the French, for example, as powerful as the Russians, he would be absorbed in containing them. He is a counterrevolutionary, to be sure, but because he lives in a satiated status quo country. Were he an Iranian or a Cuban he would be calling for a "new international order." Kissinger gets on with the Soviets because he shares their view of the world as a jungle in which every beast is out for his own advantage. He could serve their government, or any other, with equal distinction because he is concerned only with the mechanics of foreign policy, not its political content or moral weight. Indeed, one can almost see him in Andrei Gromyko's shoes, or Brezhnev's, for that matter, cynically manipulating other countries for the greater glory of his own, piously defining the exercise of his nation's power as coterminous with the interests of mankind, brutally squashing rebellious satellites, bankrolling congenial dictators, and defending it all as a "historical responsibility for preserving the balance of power."

Henry Kissinger's world is one where power is exercised for its own sake, power devoid of moral restraint, of responsibility for its consequences, even at times of rational objective. There is something compelling about such a cynical use of power, particularly when it is rationalized with such intellectual verve. Kissinger not only appeals to the "Sockless Joe" in all of us, the redneck who wants to give some pesky little runt a sock in the jaw, but provides a certified PhD reason for doing so. Thus the continuing fascination Kissinger holds over the public mind, not to mention itchy politicians and moonstruck journalists.

Doctor Henry Kissinger has constructed a diplomacy for a Hobbesian world. When he exercised that diplomacy he helped create the kind of world that would justify it. This book tells how he did it. And it also reveals what might happen were he to regain the power for which he so palpably yearns.

**Ronald Steel**

*Ronald Steel*'s biography of Walter Lippmann will be published next year by Little, Brown-Atlantic Monthly Press.

## Night of the Aurochs
## by Dalton Trumbo
## edited and with an introduction by Robert Kirsch

(Viking; $9.95)

It was impossible to dislike Dalton Trumbo. In Hollywood, where you are only as good as your last marriage, he stayed wed to the same woman for almost 40 years. In an epoch of family dissolution, he wrote scores of affectionate, self-mocking letters to his son and daughters. When others became informers, or watched their lives destroyed during the years of the Red Menace, the blacklisted screen writer poured out scripts under a variety of pseudonyms (one of which won an Oscar), and when the pendulum swung back in the 1960s, refused to malign those who had done him in. Years ago, when I was in servitude as a film critic, I spent a long afternoon listening to him—people rarely talked to Trumbo; the only time you got to speak was during his inhalations. He was witty, forthcoming, and, in his declining years, still full of wonder at the Day-Glo extravagances of Celluloid City.

Trumbo's decency and restless intelligence were evident in his pacifist 1939 novel, *Johnny Got His Gun*, and they enliven portions of his last book, *Night of the Aurochs*. Unhappily, portions are all there are. Trumbo never completed the novel; he suffered from cancer during the writing of much of the work, and at the time of his death three years ago only 10 chapters were completed. They, and a file of notes and emendations, were edited by Robert Kirsch. It cannot

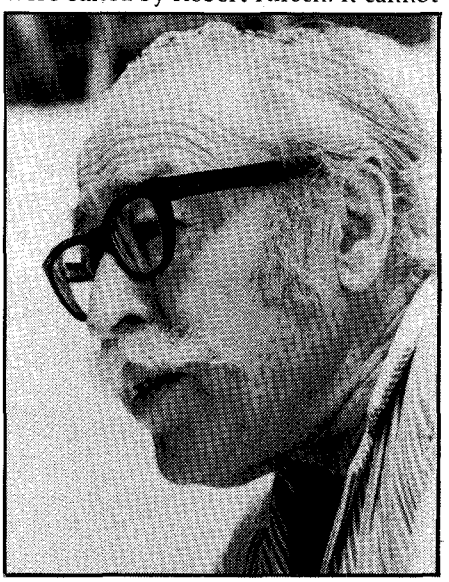

photo of Dalton Trumbo by Mitzi Trumbo

have been an easy or pleasant task. For one thing, the subject—the Holocaust—is too monumental to be apprehended in fragments, if at all. Second, Trumbo's idea—the investigation of evil—seems to have been too demanding for his fading powers. This is not to say that a healthy Trumbo could have done any better. We have a flourishing and robust William Styron and look at what he has given us.

In *Night of the Aurochs* the author presents the story of one concentration camp official, Ludwig Richard Johann Grieben. Like a parent who makes sure that his children go off to school with all things clearly labeled, Trumbo announced in this first-person account that "My Christian names (were) derived from Beethoven, Wagner and Bach." In other words, a Good German about to go Wrong. Trumbo did a good deal of reading in Freud and Adler and he adroitly connects the binary lusts for sex and power. Grieben, the nominal Catholic, wonders, "what is it that makes us cruel when we long to be



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kind?" He never finds out. Thwarted by a teasing girl, he turns the encounter into the murder of a pet rabbit. Soon eroticism and spanking become the order of the day. A kind of lederhosen homosexuality intervenes, but essentially Grieben is Trumbo's straight man. Although the narrative soon diminishes and dries up, subsequent notes and outlines indicate what the author had in mind. Grieben is a tourist guide to obscenity: special training; Death's Head Formation; Dachau; Bergen-Belsen; Buchenwald; "and then, as the war rushes to its insane climax, Auschwitz-Birkenau, at the third level of command."

The rest of the work contains a recitation of atrocities and an examination of German resolve: it was, in Heinrich Himmler's words, quoted by Grieben: "easier to lead a company into battle than to deport people, to remove shrieking, weeping women, to carry out executions." The enactment of the Final Solution was "a fate harder than death, more heroic than victory in open combat."

Much history is discussed: the refusal of other countries to take in Jewish refugees, the collaboration of some victims in their own catastrophe, the schizoid ability of many Nazis to lead highly cultured lives while they participated in torture and genocide.

But we have been here before. Anyone who has read or thought about Germany's past has wondered about the nature of guilt and whether a whole nation can be condemned. Anyone who has in the same year walked over the bones of millions at Auschwitz and Treblinka and watched the faces of Cambodian children and seen the hysterical infatuation of Iranian students with death and mutilation wonders if this century can contain the hatred unleashed by the Third Reich a world ago.

Wondering, however, does not produce art. Nor does it engender craft. The resonances and implications of the Holocaust are too large for a work whose center is a collage, not a character. Again, I am aware that it is unfair to judge what amounts to a fetus as if it were a man. But what is presented here seems to be a double tragedy, the intended one of Grieben and the implied one of Trumbo. Doubtless if he had lived the author would have improved some of his bumper sticker prose: "The worst criminals on earth are those who toy with love." Whether he would have presented a convincing case history remains a tantalizing conjecture. Manifestly, the man could write and he could think. But he wrote too little and he thought too late. It is this sorrow that *Night of the Aurochs* most movingly reveals.

For Dalton Trumbo represents a living history of the Hollywood writer. He is the classic pamphleteer and proletarian whose work brought him to the movies. A lively and quick mind carried him far; he wrote *Kitty Foyle*, *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*, *A Guy Named Joe*, films that filled our childhoods. Not that any of us remembered the scenarist; in those days we thought that the actors made it up as they went along. After the blacklist ended, he busied himself with such work *Spartacus*, *Hawaii*, *Papillon*, and *The Sandpiper*. The remuneration was excellent; he no longer had to work for the pittances he received when he was hiding out in Mexico, like some Graham Greene refugee from authority. But again, from those pictures the names one recalls are not writers but personalities: Burton and Taylor, McQueen, Julie Andrews, Kirk Douglas.

Understandably, Trumbo wanted workman's compensation for lost years. His book of crank letters, *Additional Dialogue*, mentions money more often than an annual report. So he put off the serious work for one more day, one more picture. There were assignments to be done, commitments to be fulfilled. There was always one more screenplay. But one day there was no more time.

An old story; older than the ones they retail on screen. A generation ago Edmund Wilson, musing about Hollywood writers, asked,

> Have we not all had needy friends who have gone West with a smile on their lips and never returned again?—from whom we have ceased to hear and whose names we no longer mention, whom we remember as young people of promise, wondering what they have found to do and never thinking to connect them with the processed stuff we hear croaked out, between kisses and pistol shots. . . ?

It is the story of many in the Algonquin crowd, and of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Clifford Odets and John Howard Lawson, like Trumbo, one of the Hollywood Ten blacklisted because they were thought to be Communists. And as a matter of fact, Trumbo was a party member. He belonged, he later admitted, from 1943 to 1948, and then again in 1954 in support of some Californians jailed under the Smith Act. Another old story: the left, legitimately


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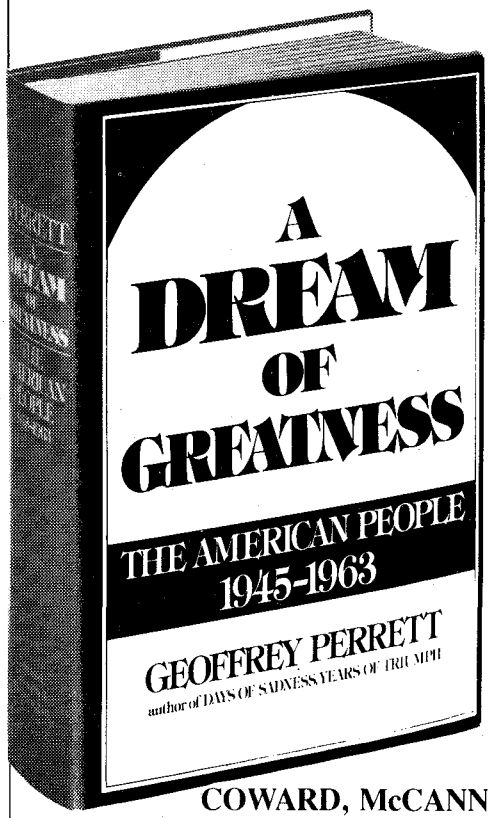


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furious with local injustice and unsure of major evils. *Night of the Aurochs* shows a concern, even an obsession with what Trumbo called "the devil I am trying to catch." What an interesting book he might have written about Josef Stalin back in the days of the Moscow Trials, or at the time of the Ribbentrop pact. What he might have composed about the Gulag in the 1950s, when the devil was there for the catching. But no; there was a living to be made, and as for communism, Trumbo seems not to have taken it very seriously. "I never considered the working class anything other than something to get out of," he once confessed in a mood that was not entirely jocular.

In the end his last book must be offered as a smaller kind of moral lesson. Nazism, the national myths of race and blood, the alteration of man into monster must await other investigators. But the instruction to writers can be seen in every incomplete chapter, in every broken sentence and aborted plan. It is a message that cannot be repeated too often because it is forgotten by every generation. Thirty-three years ago Christopher Morley wrote it about Don Marquis and I reprint it here about Dalton Trumbo with valedictory regret and in the hopes that with all his charm and capacity he and his final work may prove to be instructive in ways he may not have intended:

> I cannot help thinking that he had a very special message to young artists, a message which was implicit in many of his seemingly jocular paragraphs. It was this: energy is not endless, better hoard it for your own work. Be intangible and hard to catch; be secret and proud and inwardly uncomfortable. Say yes and don't mean it; pretend to agree; dodge every kind of organization, and evade, elude, recede. Be about your own affairs, as you would also forbear from others at theirs, and thereby show your respect for the holiest ghost we know, the creative imagination.

**Stefan Kanfer**

*Stefan Kanfer* is a senior editor at *Time* magazine and author of *The Eighth Sin* (Random House).

## The Question of Palestine by Edward Said

(Times Books; $12.50)

Edward Said, professor of literature at Columbia, is also a member of the Palestine National Council. He is widely read, he writes well, and he could have written an interesting and powerful book on the Palestinians, a book that could have made supporters of the state of Israel—especially its current policies—uncomfortable. He could have provided an indictment of Zionism for having neglected the Palestinian question, a review of the tragedy of his people, a plea for the need of dialogue (and ultimately a settlement) if there is to be peace in the Middle East. Mr. Said says: "The Jews of Israel will remain," and this too is progress. For a long time Palestinian nationalists had nothing but contempt for all Jewish offers of even a binational state.

If Mr. Said had written such a book it would have been impossible to refute it: all national movements have a claim to justice, all are equidistant from God (or the *Weltgeist*). On a practical level, certain complications arise because not every nation or nationality can get full sovereignty, partly in view of conflicting claims, partly because some of the resulting entities would not be viable. Perfect justice would lead to perfect chaos. Nor is it at all likely that with the resolution of the Arab-Israeli conflict peace would be restored in the Middle East; as recent events have shown, this is not the only, nor even the most dangerous, conflict in the area. It is also true that a resolution of that conflict would very likely bring about an intensification of the tensions and the ferment inside the Arab world which were suppressed during the Arab-Israeli conflict. But all these arguments are open to debate and it certainly does not follow that the perpetuation of the conflict is preferable to a just solution.

But Professor Said has written a very different book, another routine attack on Zionism and its dire consequences. Hundreds if not thousands of such books have been written on this subject in this century (and some even before) from every possible point of view, for every audience, and on every level of sophistication. The author is too intelligent not to realize this, and thus from time to time he seems to ask himself: how can I possibly make this book different from the Khalidis and Hadawis, the Lilienthals, the Bergers, and all others? Not by very much, it would appear. True, there are quotations from Flinders Petrie, Tyrwhitt Drake, Stanley Cook, R.A.S. Macalister, and Charles Ganneau, all of whom claimed, one way or another, that Arab civilization is a mere deception. These utterances, which read like leftovers from Mr. Said's previous work, *Orientalism*, are very regrettable but since none of these gentlemen was a Jew, let alone a Zionist, the purpose of this display of erudition seems pointless.

For current developments Mr. Said's main source is a "formidable scholar who produced no doubt the most impressive material coming out of Israel"—a man named Israel Shahak. Since this name is not a household word I should explain that Mr. Shahak, who teaches chemistry at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, spent his early years in one of the worst Nazi camps, an experience that quite obviously left deep scars on his mind. Mr. Shahak does indeed produce a great deal of material on politics but it is of interest mainly to the student of the human psyche and its aberrations, a case for compassion, not quotation. Other main sources are the "massively informative" Alfred Lilienthal and the "radical" Felicia Langer (Mrs. Langer is not a radical but a member of the Central Committee of Rakah, the Israeli Communist party.) True, Mr. Said also mentions some leading scholars in the field of Middle Eastern studies, but they have had the misfortune to disagree with him and their work is therefore dismissed as "Zionist propaganda" in contrast to Shahak, the formidable scholar.

*The Question of Palestine* is the book of a politician and a litterateur—an unfortunate combination in this specific case. An historian, however much committed, must not in good conscience suppress evidence even if it happens to be inconvenient. Mr. Said, qua politician and litterateur, seems to feel that he has a double license to take far-reaching liberties with historical truth. One example, by no means the worst, should suffice. The author writes about Zionism as a colonialist movement, an



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accessory to imperialism, a tool of reaction, oppression, and exploitation. It is perfectly true that in the age of colonialism Herzl and some of his colleagues realized that they needed the help of one or more of the European powers for their plans and they therefore described Zionism as an outpost of Western civilization—just as Herzl wore a fez when he went to see the Sultan. Such language may sound suspicious now, but at the time it was the most natural thing in the world; even Marx shared the belief in the civilizing mission of European culture.

Mr. Said calls Marx (reluctantly, no doubt) a racialist, whereas in actual fact he was only, like all Victorians, free from liberal guilt feelings which had not yet been invented. Mr. Said is bound to know, in any case, that Jewish Palestine was built by the second *aliyah*—Ben Gurion and his contemporaries. The idea that these men and women had the intention to serve British or any other colonialism seems a little farfetched even to our author. He attacks them precisely for employing only Jewish labor, i.e. for refusing to live in a colonial situation. (Had they employed Arab labor they would have been exploiters, needless to say.) But was there not a "Jewish Colonial Trust," did the Zionists not establish "colonies" all over the country, was Zionism not "a movement for colonial settment" and therefore bound to provoke Arab hate? A colony was no more than a synonym for a settlement; most of them, furthermore, had a socialist character. There is no reason that the Arabs should have loved the Jewish immigrants any better because they were radicals in today's parlance.

But the irony is that while Edward Said launched his attacks against the settlers from the left, his predecessors attacked them from the opposite direction. Thus M. Mogannam in 1936: "The Arabs were irritated by the Bolshevik principles which the new arrivals bring with them," and Jamal al Husaini, the year after in his evidence before the Peel Commission: "As to the Communist principles and ideas of the Jewish immigrants most repugnant to the religion, custom and ethical principles of the country which are imported and disseminated. . . ." Whether Mogannam and Husaini really believed in the Bolshevik character of Zionism we do not know. Probably they just thought that this would impress the British most, and the same is true, *mutatis mutandis*, with regard to Professor Said. The hate of the Jewish immigrants is the constant factor, and it is politically and psychologically quite intelligible. The specific arguments always assume the protective color of the *Zeitgeist*, pro-fascist or trendy leftist, which does not mean that one has to waste time and effort to discuss them seriously. Emotions, in any case, cannot be argued away.

Mr. Said invokes a great many thinkers of bygone days and the present age, from Franz Bopp and Gramsci to Edmund Wilson and Niebuhr, and this is indeed an innovation compared with the Hadawis and Lilienthals, even though it does not add much to illuminating the question of Palestine. One, however, I found interesting—Joseph Conrad. Mr. Said quotes him at length; he is an expert on Conrad. It is precisely in Conrad that one can find the clue for Mr. Said's attitude toward Jews and Zionism—not in *Heart of Darkness*, which he quoted as the *locus classicus* on imperialism, but in *The Secret Agent* and *Under Western Eyes*. Conrad hated the Russians and for good reasons; his parents had been banished to Siberia; he regarded anarchists as moral imbeciles—"apes of a sinister jungle"; they are ludicrous and grotesque madmen like the "Professor" in *The Secret Agent* always carrying a bomb in his pocket so that he can immediately blow himself up (and take a few policemen with him) when arrested This is Mr. Said's attitude toward the Jews and toward Zionism much of the time. Not all the time. Conrad wrote in his note to *Under Western Eyes*: "My greatest anxiety was in being able to strike and sustain the note of scrupulous impartiality. The obligation of absolute fairness was imposed on me historically and hereditarily. . . ." Edward Said writes: "I know as well as any educated Western non-Jew can know what anti-Semitism has meant for the Jews especially in this century . . . and I think I can at least grasp the meaning of Israel for Jews."

Conrad tried, though success was at best partial. Said's praiseworthy intentions last exactly for 10 lines, then he is off again on an discussion of *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda* and other such topics which perhaps have something to do with the meaning of anti-Semitism for Gentiles but not for Jews. And yet a few pages later he is back to his shrillness and vituperation. In short, he does not understand nor does he want to understand. One should not blame him; for historical and other reasons the ability to identify with the "other side" can be found quite frequently among the non-Jewish Jews (Mr. Said's teachers and authorities). It does not exist among the Arabs, nor indeed among most other peoples.

Zionism and Israel have come under a great deal of pressure of late. Some is the fault of Mr. Begin and those who elected him, some would have developed anyway. Russia and China, Albania, North Korea and Cuba, Idi Amin and virtually all of the United Nations, the American Labor party and the Trotskyites, Wall Street and the petrodollars, Mr. Connally, many of the churches and most of the American press, Andy Young and the Reverend Jackson, not to mention the non-Jewish Jews—they all agree, at least on one topic. Why then this book? Well, Mr. Said is also a moralist; he may not feel comfortable with such overwhelming support. He is also unhappy about the *New York Review of Books*: I. F. Stone and Stanley Hoffmann do not go far enough.

*The Question of Palestine* is a passionate book but not one with which one can reason. It is a negative, not a constructive book, not conducive to better understanding and ultimately peace. As a propagandist Mr. Said has earned his spurs before; did he have to make a


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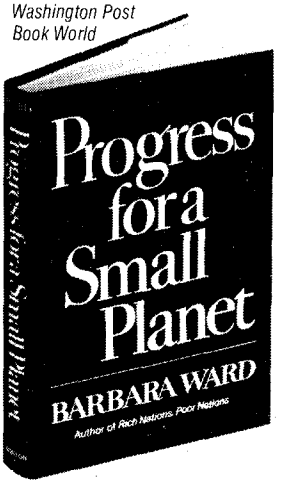


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repeat performance? I have been critical for a long time of Israeli politics; so have many of my friends. Mr. Said also writes in a critical spirit, but all his attacks are directed against the outside "enemy." At least for the time being, the intellectual has abdicated to the nationalist. This kind of thing has happened at all times and in all countries, and Jews are known to have reacted exactly like Mr. Said, responding with similar fervor to the call of patriotic duty. But the basic flaw is the attempt to pass this book off as something it is not. We are asked to believe that a work so obviously inspired by nationalist passion was motivated by universal values, "a series of experienced realities, grounded in a sense of human rights and the contradictions of social experience."

**Walter Laqueur**

*Walter Laqueur* is chairman of the Research Council at the Center for Strategic and International Studies, Georgetown University.

## Uncollected Stories of William Faulkner
## edited by Joseph Blotner

(Random House; $17.50)

"I am quite sure that I have no feeling for short stories; that I shall never be able to write them," William Faulkner told an editor at *Scribner's Magazine* in 1928. Rarely has an author been so mistaken about his talent, for Faulkner produced some of the most beautiful short fiction in the English language. By 1950 Faulkner came to recognize his achievement, and he supervised the publication of the best of this work in his *Collected Stories*, 42 tales that passed his mature scrutiny. That book, however, omitted a number of Faulkner short stories, both published and unpublished, and these Joseph Blotner, author of a magisterial two-volume biography of Faulkner and editor of Faulkner's letters, has now compiled and edited in the *Uncollected Stories of William Faulkner*.

The first half of Blotner's compilation will not be of much interest to most readers. It consists of 20 tales that Faulkner excluded from his *Collected Stories* because he had already reworked them and used them in novels. For instance, Faulkner collected and revised six stories that had appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Scribner's Magazine* between 1934 and 1936 and added a final chapter to form *The Unvanquished* (1938). Blotner now reissues the six stories in their original form. Eight other stories Blotner includes were reworked to form the body of *Go Down Moses* (1942), and four other tales in this collection were incorporated in *The Hamlet* (1940).

The republication of the original version of these stories is principally a service to Faulkner specialists, interested in how and why Faulkner reworked his manuscripts. A comparison of the magazine stories with the contemplated novels reinforces the observation of Floyd C. Watkins and Thomas Daniel Young that in revising, Faulkner "replaced the folkishness, the dialect, and the levity with a more learned and formal vocabulary that would be in keeping with the seriousness of his theme." Juxtaposition of texts suggests that Faulkner may also have had another purpose. Compare the opening sentences of the two versions of "Ambuscade," recounting the Civil War adventures of young Bayard Sartoris and his inseparable black companion Ringo:

> Behind the smokehouse we had a kind of map. Vicksburg was a handful of chips from the woodpile and the river was a trench we had scraped in the packed ground with a hoe, that drank water almost faster than we could fetch it from the well. [from the *Saturday Evening Post*]

> Behind the smokehouse that summer, Ringo and I had a living map. Although Vicksburg was just a handful of chips from the woodpile and the River a trench scraped into the packed earth with the point of a hoe, it (river, city, and terrain) lived, possessing even in miniature that ponderable though passive recalcitrance of topography which outweighs artillery, against which the most brilliant of victories and the most tragic of defeats are but the loud noises of a moment. [from *The Unvanquished*]

In the revision, as Edward M. Holmes has pointed out, Faulkner was not simply piling image upon image in order to achieve complexity or grandiloquence; he was signaling an ironic distance between himself as author and Bayard the narrator and was suggesting that great perdurable forces were at work that Bayard could not comprehend.

The first half of Blotner's book is, then, addressed to Faulkner scholars, who are now provided with readily accessible and authoritative texts of previously published tales.

The second half of Blotner's collection is likely to be of more general interest, because it consists of Faulkner stories that have never before been published or that have appeared in such obscure periodicals as *Contempo*, *College Life*, and *Furioso*. Though it is possible that Faulkner simply forgot about some of these tales when he drew up a table of contents for his *Collected Stories*, he excluded most of them deliberately because, he said, they were "not too good," "too diffuse," or "too dated." Generally his judgment of his own work was excellent. Some of these tales are embarrassingly immature. The stories about aeronauts during World War I and about rumrunners during prohibition days are of interest only because they were written by Faulkner. "Afternoon of a Cown," dashed off in Hollywood when Faulkner "felt rotten with a terrible hangover," is scatology unredeemed by humor.

Even so, some of these stories are interesting because they introduce characters and themes more fully developed in the later great novels. "The Big Shot," written in the 1920s, features the bootlegger Popeye, "a slight man with a dead face and dead black hair and eyes and a delicate hooked little nose and no chin," who was to play a major role in *Sanctuary* (1931). In the same story Martin reports a childhood trauma strikingly similar to that of Thomas Sutpen, in *Absalom, Absalom!* (1936). Martin, the son of a Mississippi white tenant farmer, knocked at the main door of the planter's house in order to give him a message. The boss told him: "Don't you ever come up to my front door again. When you come here, you go around to the kitchen door and tell one of the niggers what you want." Like Sutpen, Martin sought revenge, not by overthrowing the Southern class



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drawing of William Faulkner by David Schorr

system, but by becoming more prosperous and more powerful than those who had scorned him.

A very few of these new stories are vintage Faulkner. "Peter," an impressionistic sketch of the mulatto child of a New Orleans black prostitute, is as delicate and sensitive as any of Faulkner's other early writing. "Miss Zilphia Gant" (previously published in a limited edition) is a tale of frustrated female eroticism that deserves to become a classic; it is as disturbing as Faulkner's familiar "A Rose for Emily."

The publication of the *Uncollected Stories of William Faulkner* will, then, do little to affect the standing of the greatest writer produced by the South. Blotner's book is a useful tool for specialists; it is fresh reading for enthusiasts fascinated by anything that Faulkner wrote; and it contains two or three new Faulkner stories that are nuggets of pure gold.

**David Herbert Donald**

*David Herbert Donald,* professor of American civilization at Harvard, is preparing a biography of Thomas Wolfe.

## The Obstacle Race: The Fortunes of Women Painters and Their Work by Germaine Greer

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $25)

In her first book, *The Female Eunuch,* Germaine Greer launched a polemic against a society that praised and rewarded women for displaying the "characteristics . . . of the castrate—timidity, languor, delicacy and preciosity," and that produced lamentably few independent, liberated females. Now, eight years later in *The Obstacle Course,* she adopts a more scholarly air as she turns her critical eye to the male-dominated tradition of Western painting. There she exposes an artistic establishment that has flattered women artists and their work with such suspect words as "charming," "exquisite," "delightful," "captivating," and that has produced remarkably few great women painters.

Not a professional art historian but a "patrician" (her word) devotee of painting, Greer undertakes an introductory work in a fledgling field of art history: the sociology of painting from a feminist perspective. She sets herself the task of digging up facts about the many women who painted in relative obscurity and of analyzing the conditions that inhibited their creative achievement. Unlike traditional art historians, Greer aims to

> show women artists not as a string of over-rated individuals but as members of a group having much in common, tormented by the same conflicts of motivation and the same practical difficulties, the obstacles both external and surmountable and internal and insurmountable, of the race for achievement.

With diligent research, Greer has found a mass of facts in attics and gallery storage rooms and she crams them, often in catalog style, into her big book. She's less sure on her interpretive methods, which can be roughly summarized and simplified as follows. In pursuit of the "external obstacles" facing women painters, she attempts a kind of sociology of the art of painting. She discusses the influence of aesthetic standards and conventions, the quality and accessibility of training (one notable fact: it was virtually impossible for women to find life drawing classes through the 19th century, since nude models were deemed immodest: for a time, cows and sheep posed in some studios). In addition, she covers narrower topics such as art in the cloisters and the rise of the academies around the turn of the 19th century. Probing for the "internal obstacles," Greer suggests a psychology of female creativity, exploring the effects on women's artistic fortunes of families, of love, of prevailing views on femininity and maternity.

Greer's analysis is in fact more problematic than this overview makes it sound. There is a major stumbling block for both feminist historians and women painters in the sociology of art: the standards applied to women's work have been inconsistent and often incompatible, which has made it hard for historians to assess painters with accuracy and hard for women painters to paint with success. There is, Greer



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explains, one set of standards the male art establishment has applied to itself and another, lower set it has tended to apply to women, hailing them as token prodigies or divinely-inspired muses if they showed some beauty and less talent. And there is yet another narrower, but arguably less prejudiced, set of exclusively female criteria the feminist can devise. Such feminist standards neither require women to measure up to those men have reserved for themselves, nor bask in the false praise men have lavished on them, but instead establish different artistic priorities for them—for instance, interest in modest, decorative genres and crafts rather than preoccupation with fine arts. Faced with these competing values, Greer admits "it is hard for the feminist historian to decide what is a doubling of standards and what is abandonment of prejudicial discrimination." Likewise, it has been difficult for women painters to know when judgments of their work are fair or patronizing, or when they are justified in asserting their own standards.

Greer concludes that in order to understand women painters' predicament and accurately evaluate their work, "even feminist historians must begin with the developing tradition of masculine Western art, and so must argue from the men back toward the women." But in fact Greer strays from this inclusive perspective and capriciously shifts standards. At times she sounds like a curmudgeonly critic determined not to overrate women painters, at others like a fierce feminist intent on hailing an unrecognized, oppressed band struggling with paintbrushes when others expect them to deal with silverware.

For example, she argues that women have painted mostly small, minor works (such as flower and miniature paintings) rather than awesome murals because "great" painting on a large scale is part of an aesthetic of grandeur considered appropriate for men (especially in the 19th century) and less seemly for their frailer colleagues. But Greer soon takes a more partisan tack and disparages the "bullying role of the artist" who imperiously covers vast surfaces with paint, while she extols an alternate aesthetic of beauty and intensity on a small scale that has inspired many women artists. The impression Greer leaves is that women painters have been the unsung champions of an underrated style of modest art, comfortable to live with rather than awe-inspiring—certainly a dubious position on all counts: medium- and small-sized paintings surely have never been denigrated as a class, nor are they all comfortably decorative, nor have women painted most of them. Sidetracked into feminist special pleading, Greer loses sight of her original promising topic: an exploration of the tension—at times creative, at others inhibiting—posed for women painters by a masculine aesthetic of grandeur (a tension, she might add, that some men painters presumably have felt as well).

Throughout *The Obstacle Race* Greer's partisan zest not only leads her to embrace dubious standards, but also to switch them when the spirit moves her. For example, five chapters after she has scorned those heroic male bullies aspiring to the sublime in art, she admires the "ideal of heroic womanhood" realized by the aggressive Artemisia Gentileschi (1593-1653), whom she singles out as the "magnificent exception" among women painters. In her case, striving for "grand effects," "brashness of subject," "monumental" undertakings is not the vain "pomp and circumstance" Greer called it in her discussion of male artists.

But Greer is even more interested in the psychology of creativity than in the sociology of painting; as in *The Female Eunuch*, her main concern is the female soul. She feels the interior obstacles facing women painters—"the signs of self-censorship, hypocritical modesty, insecurity, girlishness, self-deception, hostility toward their fellow-strivers, emotional and sexual dependence upon men, timidity"—are more "insidious and destructive" of female creativity than external hindrances. The bulk of her speculation about inhibited female imaginations is based on her research into women painters' personal backgrounds; she has found that most were related to men painters by blood or by marriage—a connection, Greer wants to claim, that may have brought paint within reach but too often ensured that independent creative achievement remained forever *out* of reach. While her eminent brother Sir Joshua Reynolds was alive, the talented Frances Reynolds was paralyzed by his rejection of her. The painter Constance Mayer's distinctive talent was submerged when she became the mistress of painter Pierre-Paul Prud'hon, and she finally killed herself. But there are also examples like Marguérite Gérard, who was raised, taught, and adored by her much elder brother-in-law, Fragonard, but was not eclipsed by him. Instead she earned fame in her own right with small genre paintings in an original style.

Even without conclusive evidence of oppression by men, Greer can't resist grand generalizations; she waxes indignant about the

> self-annihilation of literally hundreds of women artists for love. Too often women must love where they admire and admiring emulate, and by emulation are absorbed into the myth of the master, in which they are the most fervent believers. . . . For every woman artist who struggled to assert herself against the power of love, there are literally hundreds of others who submerged themselves so willingly that their activity has left no perceptible trace.

Greer bandies the word "literally" about for rhetorical emphasis, but it only draws attention to the basic flaw in her position. There is nothing literal about this desolate scene of inhibited creativity at all. There can be, after all, no dependable record of unrealized talent, and certainly no assurance that love was always the main villain.

Greer sums up her psychological survey of undistinguished women painters with this dubious diagnosis: "You cannot make great artists out of egos that


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have been damaged, with wills that are defective, with libidos that have been driven out of reach and energy diverted into neurotic channels." This image of wrecked female creative machinery is a crude one. It misses the mystery of creativity, which is always a wonder when it unfolds, and it cannot account for the triumph of female imaginations in another art form, literature.

Greer has dug diligently for facts, but she doesn't manage the subtle psychology of creativity and dispassionate sociology of painting needed in an introductory history of women painters. She initially had in mind a more modest undertaking than *The Obstacle Race*: a dictionary of women painters to serve as a reference book for a subsequent analytic work on women's creativity. Her publishers, however, weren't thrilled by this dry proposal, because, she says, "the selling point, of course, was me." She was swayed by the flattery to think bigger, and as a result her more ambitious book totters.

**Ann Hulbert**

# Brief Reviews

## The View in Winter: Reflections on Old Age by Ronald Blythe

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95)

In the not so distant past, birth and youth were the busiest portals to death; only the very quick indeed survived into old age. But within the memory of the old people now living, writes Ronald Blythe, "our earthly time allowance has shot up . . . from 40 years to 70 years." This generation of the elderly are thus pioneers—Mr. Blythe calls them the first "full-timers"—and in this book 36 of them tell us what they have found on the frontier.

Blythe, the author of *Akenfield: Portrait of an English Village*, is British and so are his subjects. (In age they range from 71 to 93; in (ex) occupation, from farrier to actor.) His muse is a tape recorder, and so one would say his book belonged to social science if its chief effects were not those of imaginative literature—to move, delight, surprise, and to educate the feelings.

While Mr. Blythe's subjects touch—with an almost uniform resignation—on the trials of old age, what they speak of for the most part is when they were young and of what they have endured. They are tough in the ways that people in the West will never be tough again, and they are proud of it. Though their memories differ widely in texture, they all agree that life 60 or 70 years ago was unimaginably hard. In those days, the indigent aged were thrown into the workhouse. They remember such things—the institutional inhumanity more than the natural calamities—and it makes them powerful witnesses to the immense difference the welfare state has made in the world.

Blythe's most moving chapter deals with the spell of the "Beloved Holocaust"—World War I. To the veterans we meet in this book, the great war was a national rite and the cemeteries the government maintains along the Western Front are holy places. "When I am at the Menin Gate"—a monument to the British dead in Flanders—"to me it is Gethsemane and Calvary," says an 81-year-old ex-major. And an old lieutenant, who still pulls shrapnel from his knee, speaks for all of these men and women when he says, "The war went on and on. On and on. I feel its drag still."

This book rambles; like the memories of these first "full-timers," you never know where it is going. And I would like to know the questions Mr. Blythe asked. Did he have conversations with his subjects, or did they, in the self-centered way of the elderly, just talk on and on? But I quibble. This is a splendid book. In these voices you can hear the rare poetry of authenticity, the poetry of which Whitman's line, "I am the man—I suffer'd—I was there," is the touchstone.

**Jack Beatty**

## The Pornographer by John McGahern

(Harper and Row; $10)

Sometimes a novel's opening paragraph establishes a world so firmly that you feel you know its contours already. John McGahern writes novels like that. The first paragraph of *The Pornographer* describes the arrival of a train; the narrator is meeting his uncle, who has come up to Dublin from the country. Together they will go to the hospital to visit the narrator's aunt, who is dying of cancer.

> I watched the sun cross and recross the carriages as the train came in between the pillars, lighting the grey roofs; and then hands began to draw down windows, doors flew open, and the first figures met the platform with a jolt, and started to run.

The scene is drawn simply, as are all McGahern's scenes, but it will resonate throughout the book nevertheless. Each event, from the uncle's arrival to the narrator's departure from his aunt's funeral at the end of the novel, is heavy with implication.

The events of the novel unfold. The narrator grinds out pornography, and is well paid for it; the aunt rallies, plants a garden, declines, dies; the pornographer seduces a woman he does not love, and on a boat trip up the Shannon River he impregnates her. In the shadow of the cancer hospital where his aunt lies dying, he seduces a dark-haired nurse. In

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London, he is beaten up by an Irishman who has appointed himself protector of the pregnant woman; at his aunt's funeral, the narrator wears the scars of that encounter.

McGahern writes most of this without comment; things simply happen. Occasionally, though, the narrator thinks about events, and his thoughts ripple out into the book at large. At a dance hall, he thinks:

> Age happens to us, like collisions, that is all. And usually we drive on. We do not feel old or ridiculous as we pursue what we have always pursued. Tonight, as any night, if we could anchor ourselves in the ideal warm wetness of the human fork, we'd be more than happy. We'd dream that we were flying.

And when he reads the telegram announcing his aunt's death: "I broke, and far off I could hear the wildness in my crying. Guard the human person well even in all its meanness, in its open hand, spite, venom, horror, beauty—profane sacredness, horrible contradiction."

"Guard the human person well," the narrator asks. McGahern does—seeing the poet inside the pornographer, the rush toward love in the moment of meaningless encounter, the poignant intention betrayed by the harsh exchange.

**Catherine O'Neill**

*Catherine O'Neill* is a Baltimore writer.

## Schultz
## by J.P. Donleavy

(Delacorte Press; $10.95)

Don't let the terse title mislead you. This is the same author who has previously spawned such maniacally alliterative works as *The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B* and *The Saddest Summer of Samuel S.* The same J.P. Donleavy whose talent has been, as Paul Simon says, "slip, sliding away" from *The Ginger Man* in the 1950s right up to this, his eighth novel.

*Schultz*, as one of its overdone English characters might have droned, is the saddest and most beastly bad of books. Its un-hero, Sigmund Franz Isadore Schultz, has escaped the family lingerie business in Rhode Island and fled to England with delusions of becoming a renowned theater producer. One flimsy show after the other, however, places Schultz second only to the Luftwaffe for the most bombs dropped on London since the 1940s.

In a desperate do or dud effort Schultz joins partners with two members of the peerage, Lord Nectarine and Binky Sunningdale, whose theatrical agency, Sperm Productions, is really a front for their hormonal aberrancies. Schultz snuggles right into this British bunny club as the most active rabbit, but still struggles to produce his latest play *Kiss It Don't Hold It It's Too Hot*. Frenetic preparations for opening night constitute the plot, but Donleavy obviously recognized quite early that it could never support 400 pages of his sophomoric verbal flashing. Thus, he kaleidoscopes an array of characters before us, hoping we won't notice that absolutely nothing of significance is being said or done throughout the novel.

Writing as if he's been forced to use a lifetime's supply of consonants, vowels, and dipthongs in one book, Donleavy's cast includes Terence F.X. Magillacurdy, Pricilla Prune, Miss Sphincter, Mr. Gayboy, King Buggybooiamcheesetoo, Lady Jane Pricklygorse, and Lulu Lullabyebaby. Where Evelyn Waugh or P. G. Wodehouse would have made creative, relevant use of all these unfortunate creatures, Donleavy makes a molehill out of a mountain. The disembodied voices appear to have been created for no other reason than to allow Donleavy to listen to himself talk in a variety of ethnic accents, particularly, Jewish, Irish, and English.

In addition to an occasional sociological truism, e.g., it's better to be rich than poor, some Sunday-supplement psychology, and recurrent misogyny, *Schultz* also pretends to contrast the vulgar yet vital Americans and Irish with the sophisticated albeit sterile British.

Reading the entire novel proves only one point—that pronounced by Lord Nectarine on the second page, "Schultz you do not impress me in the least."

**Joseph Browne**

*Joseph Browne* is associate editor of *College Literature*.


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# Washington Diarist

*The Other Washington*

**In what I think** was one of its most valuable issues (July 7 & 14, 1977), *TNR* ran several articles on the theme announced on its cover, that "The Good Life in Washington is Bad for America." The articles reported on an alarming new social formation: the highly educated and highly paid governing class which 35 years of government growth had created in Washington, a city the articles depicted as a recession-proof Valhalla. The ominous implication of this special issue was not that life in Washington tends to corrupt, but that life here tends to alienate even the incorruptible from the actuality of the rest of the country. In creating a massive governmental apparatus to deal with the complex problems of our complex society, we had, according to *TNR*, established a city where those problems did not exist. The focus of the special issue was on the governing class and the lifestyle it enjoys; the wider life of Washington fell beyond its purview. Since moving here a year ago, I have more or less comfortably ignored this wider life, too. Nothing could be easier. For if the gulf between Washington, say, and Peoria is as wide as the special issue implied, it is merely a narrow gap compared to the chasm between the governing-class Washington and what I will call the Other Washington.

**This other Washington** is, or was at the last census, 72 percent black. Predominantly, it lives on the east side of the city. Indeed, a third of the entire population of Washington lives east of the Anacostia River, which neither I nor any of my immediate friends have so much as seen, let alone crossed. To judge by reports in the Washington papers, this other Washington has a good deal in common with Calcutta. It boasts the highest infant mortality rate in the nation. (The rate of infant mortality among the white governing class is, by contrast, the nation's lowest). Its incidence of tuberculosis is among the highest in the country, while only San Francisco leads it in venereal disease. It is also a dangerous place: one reads regularly of drug addicts infesting whole neighborhoods. Street crime is rife in the other Washington, which is why outsiders who know about DC's high crime rate can be pleasantly surprised by the safety of Georgetown.

**In the other Washington**, 35 percent of the teenagers are unemployed. Most are likely to remain so, according to a friend of mine who is studying the problem of youth unemployment for the government. My friend tells me that the federal government anticipates 7000 vacancies in its local clerical staff over the next three years, yet only about 500 of these jobs will go to residents of the other Washington. Why so few? Because the government recruits its secretarial personnel from places like Iowa and Kentucky—the CIA seems to favor West Virginia—not from the other Washington. It's hard to blame the government. It wants literate, capable employees and to judge by a recent report from the College Board, this is not a plausible description of the high school graduates in the other Washington. According to this report, DC students placed in the bottom 20 percent of the students taking the test nationwide. Their average verbal score, 326, was a shocking 200 points below the national average. Half of these students came from families with an income of less than $11,400; nationally, the average family income for students taking the SATs is $20,800.

**This is not to suggest** that the other Washington is unique, though. According to my friend, Washington may be a model for the economy of the future. Like the economy of present-day Washington, my friend says, the economy of the future will focus on the office, not the factory. It will be a service economy and, like the service economy of Washington, it will have less and less need of employees with rudimentary educations. Already, nationally, the 25 percent of young people who drop out before finishing high school compete for nine percent of the available jobs. Thus in the economy of the future, kids with fewer and fewer skills will compete for the worst jobs in a sophisticated job market roughly like the one prevailing in Washington today. They can deliver messages or sweep the floors, but that is all they can do. And even if they stay at these jobs for 20 years, they will have no chance of moving up, as millions did in the days of the factory-dominated economy. For here in Washington and, if my friend is right, soon in the rest of the country—"up" is reserved for those who command the skills required by the new knowledge economy.

**As a member** of Good Life Washington, I find that I rarely think of the other Washington, and I almost never see it. The moral experience of living in Good Life Washington, I imagine, has much in common with life in South Africa. We, people like me that is, go about our business of dispensing windy opinions or making laws, while in the other Washington. . . . What do people do there? Despair? Energize themselves with fantasies of revenge? Do they, I wonder, as I do from time to time, visit the Lincoln Memorial? And does that majestic shrine inspire them, too, or does the lapidary hypocrisy of the sentiments inscribed on the wall make them want to spit? Neoconservative writers caution us not to give way to "liberal guilt" in the face of social phenomena like the other Washington. We need to be strong, they say, in order to conduct our appointed business in the universe, which is to stand up to the Russians. Guilt can only sap what they are fond of calling "our national will." To me, this kind of talk is a species of what Kant called "radical evil"—the willful perversion or denial of our best qualities. For Kant, our best quality was the conscience, but I prefer to think of it as the imagination—that godlike power in us through which we make present the reality of other persons, through which we can, momentarily, escape our encasing egotism and feel our way into lives and experiences different from our own. When we try to enter into the lives of the other Washingtonians, inescapably we feel guilty. It is a veridical feeling—it points to something true—and far from denying it, we should make it the emotional ground of our politics. But the ominous thing about daily life in Washington—this model of the future economy—is that it gives so little provocation to indignant perception. Here, poverty is almost invisible. Hard to see, it may soon grow hard to imagine.

**Already the questions** of national policy and debate have shifted from what they were in the last Democratic administration. In Washington the talk is now all of energy and inflation. The new governing class has successfully framed the technical questions with which it has been trained to deal. But justice and equality remain the great questions of politics, and as the long experiment of reform from above draws to a close, we have every reason to expect that the demand for justice will come from below, with fire and fury, from places like the other Washington.

**J.B.**



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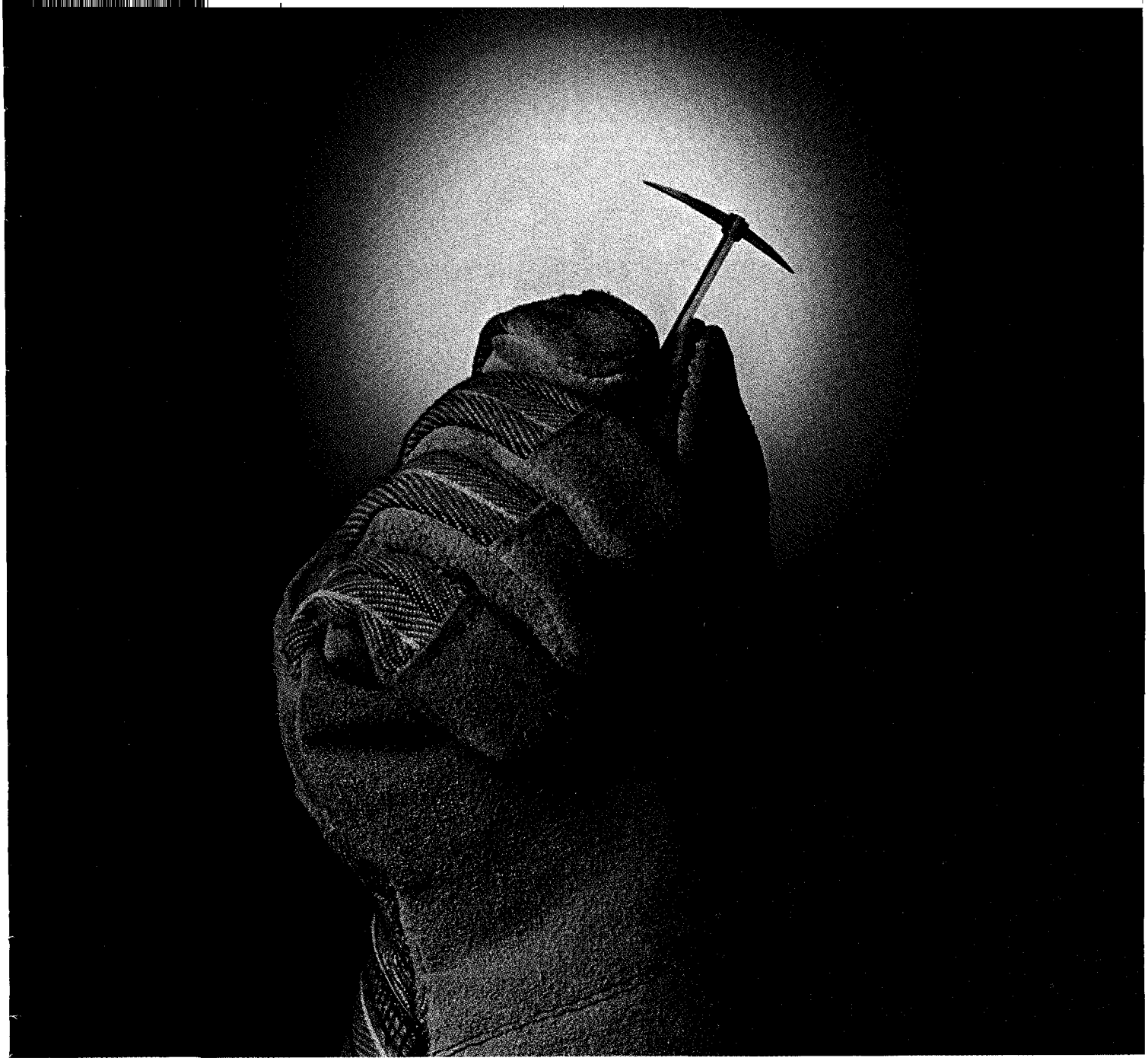

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